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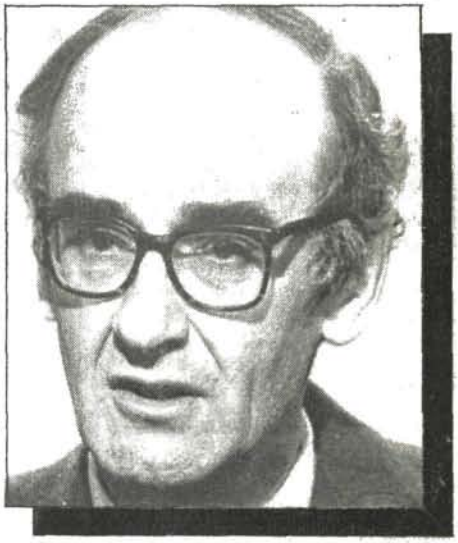

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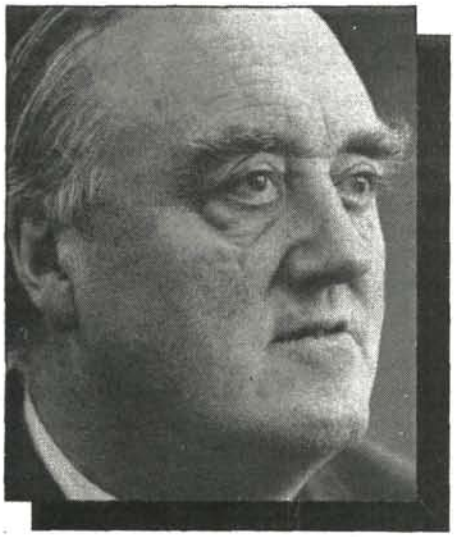

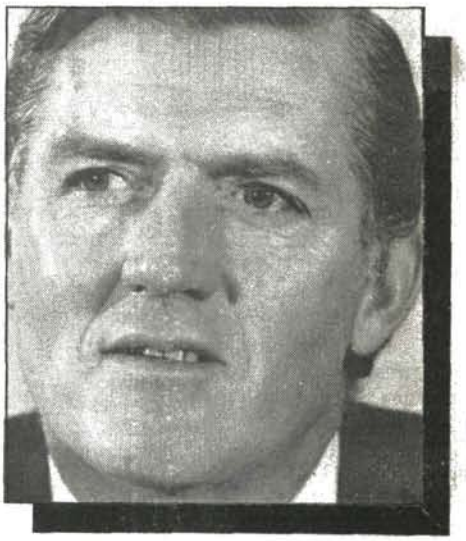

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New Statesman

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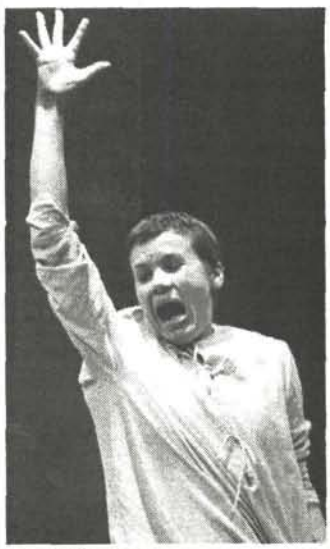
Cover photos of 'War Cabinet': Margaret Thatcher (Camera Press); Francis Pym (Chris Davies/ Network); William Whitelaw; Admiral Sir Terence Lewin (Camera Press); Cecil Parkinson (Camera Press); John Nott

The cover-up
This week we publish the cover-up memorandum, which reveals how the government has deliberately misled Parliament over the sinking of the *Belgrano*. Duncan Campbell and John Rentoul report p.8

Mirror held up to artifice
Does the gay world all too accurately reflect male-female divisions in the larger world? Andrew Lumsden reports p.13

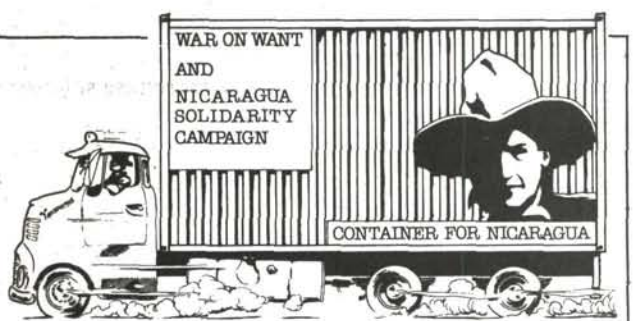
No longer a secret war
New evidence of torture and killing in Nicaragua has come to light. Gavin Macfadyen and Joanna Rollo talked to some of the victims of contra atrocities p.18

A matter of rhythm
John Lucas on some differences between good and bad poets p.24



Dark shades
Naseem Khan reviews sombre productions of *Twelfth Night* and *The Devils* at the Barbican p.29

News: Audit Commission savages Whitehall; baby searched at Armagh; the events at Ravenscraig; systems-built housing alarm; new findings about 4 year olds; council ejects 'widowed' lesbian pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Churchill and the leaks p.7
Peter Archer: Right of reprisal p.10
John McIlroy: TUC taster p.12
John Rose: Miners and magistrates p.15
Charles Raw: Death of an affair p.16
Diary: Michael Leapman p.17
Roger Woddis p.17
Michael Klare: Another round p.20
Lucy Mathen: Slave labour p.21
Bretécher p.22
Letters p.23
Maurice Peston: Economics p.25
Jon Cook: Poetry — 2 p.26
Gary Mead: Poland p.26
Richard Deveson: Fiction p.27
Shorter reviews p.28
Angus Calder: Edinburgh Festival p.29
Andrew Clements: Music at Edinburgh p.30
John Coleman: Films p.31
Mary Harron: Television p.32
Anne Smith: First person p.33
Weekend competition p.33
Crossword p.34
Listings p.35



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New Statesman

Vol 108 No 2789 31 August 1984

Mrs Thatcher's act of piracy

ON 4 MAY 1982 (two days after the event) the Ministry of Defence put out a formal statement about the sinking of the *General Belgrano*. The cruiser, it said 'may have been going in and out of the total exclusion zone'.

The statement was deliberately misleading. The operational side of the Ministry of Defence had known for three days that the *Belgrano* had never come near to penetrating the British banned 200-mile zone and that for at least 12 hours before it was sunk it was steaming steadily west (not zigzagging as subsequently claimed), giving every impression of heading home with her escorts. Whitehall and ministers have simply gone on lying about the episode ever since.

Whitehall and ministers have also been extraordinarily touchy about the episode ever since. Mrs Thatcher got seriously rattled over the *Belgrano* in that celebrated BBC *Nationwide* interview during last year's general election campaign. Mr John Nott stormed out of a studio interview, when Robin Day asked him some obvious and predictable question on the subject. A precipitate Official Secrets Act prosecution (which could end up causing the government a whole heap of problems) has been authorised this month because of Mr Clive Pontin's alleged leaking of documents to Mr Tam Dalyell. And the official Whitehall spokesmachine has clearly been instructed simply to bring down the shutters on the story.

Why the lies from the start? Why the extraordinary sensitivity ever since? As a result of the stories and documents that we have published last week and this the answer is now clear. The sinking of the *Belgrano* was a clear breach of international law. Mrs Thatcher and those around her knew it at the time, which is why we were treated to the original contradictory string of justifications for the act of piracy. They have known it ever since, which is why we (and Tam Dalyell) have been treated to a two year cover-up of the facts. And that is why the Ministry of Defence misled the House of Commons Select Committee on Foreign Affairs, because (in the words of the Confidential minute published in the *New Statesman* last week) to have answered its questions honestly 'would provide more information than Ministers have been prepared to reveal so far about the Belgrano affair'.

Sinking the *Belgrano* was a breach of international law in several respects. Britain had deliberately chosen not to declare war on Argentina, so a state of war did not exist. The Thatcher government, throughout, relied on Article 51 of the United Nations Charter — the article which establishes a fundamental right of self-defence. The Maritime and then the Total Exclusion Zone declared around the Falklands in April 1982 could clearly be justified on that basis. The subsequent secret orders to sink *all* Argentine warships, not publicly announced until 7 May, five days after the *Belgrano* sinking, clearly could not.

It is not surprising that the Foreign Secretary felt the need to address a secret minute to the Prime Minister, drawing her attention to the nature of so flagrant a breach of international law.

International law certainly allows the concept of reprisal after acts of unprovoked aggression. But, as Peter Archer QC makes quite clear on p.10, such reprisal can only legitimately be commensurate with the original aggression. By 2 May 1982 no British serviceman had been killed by the Argentinians and peace initiatives were still very much in progress. Only a determination to have nothing to do with a negotiated compromise solution on the basis of Britain's own UN Resolution 502 can explain the sinking of an old cruiser as she wallowed her way home, drowning 368 Argentinian sailors. □

Len Murray bows out

BY THE END of next week, a new face will have been launched on the general public with the election of Norman Willis as the next General Secretary of the TUC. But will his round and jovial features become as familiar as Len Murray's lugubrious ones once were?

Len Murray was General Secretary at what looks now to have been the apogee of the TUC's influence. That was a decade ago with membership moving towards its peak of 12 million and seemingly inexorable growth in the crucial new service and technical sectors. The TUC appeared to be an indispensable part of Britain's system of tripartite government.

That era is ended. The series of snubs and defeats which this government has administered to the TUC have both deeply wounded Mr Murray and effectively undermined the role he had prescribed for the TUC. He leaves his post a defeated man, the leader with no effective strategy when faced with a govenment that simply didn't want to talk or listen to him. His most stunning disappointment was the GCHQ affair, which left him and the trade union movement aghast that a government could both take away people's right to join a trade union and could also turn then a deaf ear to his strongest protests about it.

At least Norman Willis will not now inherit the kind of TUC conflict that would have been caused if the NUM had demanded absolute physical and financial support. But a conflict avoided is not a conflict solved.

Last year's 'new realism' strategy got a measure of support from Right and Left; although it eschewed confrontation it also acknowledged the need to reform anachronistic union structures and close the gaps between the leadership and the rank and file. But as conceived by the TUC such a strategy was bound to fail because, as John McIlroy points out on page 12, it depended in essence on a relationship with government — which the government was simply not prepared to allow.

But it would undoubtedly help restore the TUC's flagging authority would be if it could now influence the movement as a whole to make the reforms in organisation and outlook that will encourage unions to recruit and negotiate for the hundreds and thousands of workers, who at present think trade unions are irrelevant or positively alien to their needs. There is no point in continuing to wish to be taken seriously as a political institution by a government that won't listen. Influence will only be restored over the years by finding more flexible patterns of organisation, a commitment to union amalgamation where it's appropriate and a readiness to campaign on the vital, if controversial industrial issues — such as the environment, health and safety, and part-time work. □

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Has the Armagh governor fallen out of his pram?

BITTER CONTROVERSY over the treatment of Republican women prisoners in Armagh jail, especially their strip-searching, has taken another twist with harassment of Jacqueline Moore and her baby, Dominique — and alleged threats by the prison governor to remove the baby unless publicity about her case is stopped. Visitors to the prison have been barred from seeing her on the governor's orders.

Nineteen-year-old Jacqueline Moore, and her mother Anna Moore, have been held on remand in Armagh since November on charges relating to the Ballykelly bombing. Jacqueline's daughter Dominique was born in custody eight weeks ago and quickly became the focus of outside protest at conditions in Armagh when it was discovered that prison warders were strip-searching the baby as well as the grown women.

The searching of Dominique and her pram, even on inter-wing visits inside the prison, has placed additional stress on Jacqueline Moore and led to further tension inside the already strained atmosphere of the jail.

The conditions of Ms Moore's imprisonment are far from ideal. Her ground floor 'nursery' cell has had to be fumigated twice to kill infestations of slugs. The governor, Thomas Murtagh, has placed restrictions on the number of nappies, three, that can be held in the cell overnight. Access to medical treatment for Dominique's colic has proved labourious, with each new application for medicine taking a day to process.

Incredibly, the governor has also barred other prisoners from sending presents and ordered the removal of several soft toys in Ms Moore's cell after alleging that there were 'too many'. He has restricted access to Jacqueline Moore by barring a leading member of an anti-supergrass group from visiting the prison on 'security grounds'.

Moyra Berkery, a spokesperson for Relatives for Justice, was refused entry to visit Jacqueline Moore on 9 May to investigate claims of a lack of proper ante natal care, despite having visited Anna Moore in the prison in April.

Later, Thomas Murtagh told Anna Moore that Ms Berkery is now a 'prohibited person' and can not be admitted to the prison for 'security reasons'.

Asked to explain what a 'prohibited person' means the Northern Ireland Office says it has no idea. But a spokesperson did acknowledge that the governor *has* used his powers under the Prison Rules to bar Moyra Berkery from the prison. There is no formal appeal mechanism although Murtagh nas promised an 'internal inquiry' into his own decision.

According to the latest information from the prison, the Governor's campaign to suppress publicity about her treatment has only made Jacqueline Moore more determined to keep eight-week-old Dominique with her.

Kevin Toolis

Pacemaker

The baby's mother — Jacqueline Moore

O brave new quango! Audit Commission kicks Whitehall

LOCAL COUNCILS in conflict with government over increased central financial control have just been given a powerful new set of arguments in their own favour — and that by the Audit Commission, a Thatcher-created quango which becomes the first to have bitten the hand that feeds it.

This week's report* catalogues four pernicious defects (as advance leaks had predicted it would) in the current system of government grants to local councils, defects much to the discredit of Whitehall. The block grant:

- entrenches inefficiency by creating uncertainty
- encourages 'creative accountancy' rather than good housekeeping
- attempts to reduce *both* the rates *and* the tax contribution to local services simultaneously, by the same mechanism
- and (*most startling of all*) has added £400 million to the rates bill over a three year period.

While the report denies any 'challenge' to government policy, every paragraph in it belies this denial. It calls for more delegation to allow local councils to decide their own policy (current policy of course is for more *Whitehall* control); better computerised information than the present 'garbage-in-garbage out' on which the Grant Related Expenditure Assessment is based (current policy is to keep the present basis); and more accountability through 'market mechanisms' — identified as 'local elections' (the government is currently abolishing local elections).

The Audit Commission was set up to encourage greater efficiency and effectiveness in local government and to make a start on the privatisation of the local audit service, to give the big accountancy firms a share of the action. In the event, it has gone far further and taken on a constitutional role in tearing government policy to shreds.

That it has had the courage to do so, is mostly due to the independent personality of its director, John Banham, who was brought in by Michael Heseltine from McKinseys, the management consultants.

Christopher Price

** The Impact on Local Authorities' Economy, Efficiency and Effectiveness of the Block Grant Distribution System,* HMSO, £4.

Hunterston: damp squib in the big bang

THE 'RAVENSCRAIG FACTOR' seems likely, once again, to confuse attempts to strengthen the striking miners' hand. ALF YOUNG describes the 'deep tactical uncertainties' of the union Left as it seeks to help the NUM:

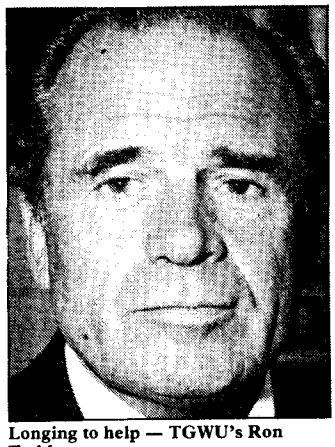
TAKE RON TODD. Early in August, fresh from his successful bid to be next leader of the Transport & General Workers (TGWU), he seemed to back the 'big bang' solution to settling the miners' strike — all-out union backing to bring the Coal Board/Thatcher to their knees.

In a radio interview he then lent credence to the idea of a wave of sympathetic disruption by left-led unions: 'I'm talking not just about pious resolutions or rhetoric. I'm talking about total trade union commitment to the miners'.

By last week he'd become a prime mover in the peace initiative by 14 union leaders which called on Ian MacGregor to use the Orme formula to settle with the NUM. The sequence betrays the deep tactical uncertainties of the Left as it tries to aid the miners' cause.

For even as Todd seemed to be shifting his ground towards conciliation, 24 TGWU dockers at Hunterston, the ore and coal terminal which serves the Ravenscraig steelworks in Scotland, of course took their new general secretary at his earlier word and detonated their own contribution to the 'big bang', when they blacked the Panamanian-registered *Ostia*, due to arrive at Hunterston on 7 August with a regular cargo of 95,000 tonnes of Polish coking coal.

The rest has been headline news. After two weeks of fruitless talks between British Steel, the Clyde port authority and the TGWU, the *Ostia* docked on 23 August without the use of transport union tug boatmen or berthing crew.



David Fowler

Longing to help — TGWU's Ron Todd

As the registered dock workers at Hunterston walked off the jetty, steel union crane drivers started discharging the coal. Next day a TGWU docks delegate conference called a national stoppage over the use of scab labour. But men at ports as far apart as Immingham and Belfast at first voted to work on and at this moment of writing the strike call is looking to be a hard fight in the very run-up to the Brighton TUC.

Second time unlucky

IT'S the second time in the six months long miners' strike that the 'Ravenscraig factor' has threatened, if anything, to scupper attempts to strengthen the miners' hand.

Earlier (*see NS 25 May*) a bid to cut steel production at Scotland's only major works led to picket-busting lorry convoys and bitter clashes with the police. On 11 May the NUM and its allies retreated, agreeing a quota of 18,000 tonnes of coal a week for Ravenscraig, but not before union solidarity in the shape of the triple alliance of rail, coal, and steel unions, had been gravely damaged.

The quota agreement stuck until on 7 June miners' president Arthur

contd on p.6

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Systems-built housing again under assault

TENANTS in tower blocks and other systems-built housing are in for yet more shocks on Monday (3 September). A BBC2 documentary, *The Great British Building Disaster*, will show how precarious many of these three to four million homes are.

The programme outlines the shoddy way much of the housing was put up. Building workers are to relate horrifying tales of missing bolts, broken panels and inadequate site supervision.

The cost of investigating, let alone remedying, these defects is astronomical. Asked at what point a building becomes unsafe, a structural engineer answers: 'I don't know. What is needed is a fundamental investigation of all pre cast systems.'

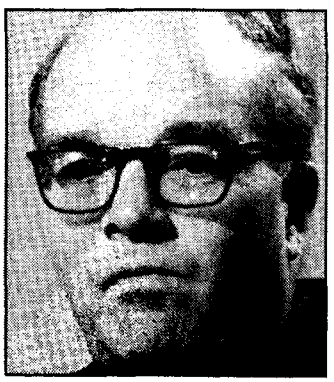
But already the government has a lot of evidence about the deterioration and poor construction of this type of housing which it is not releasing. First, as the programme will show, the National Building Agency, which was supposed to be the watchdog for the new building methods, produced mounds of reports on materials and construction — but the government refuses to release it, claiming it's 'secret'.

What's not in the programme is a more recent cover-up over information about the Bison Wallframe system by which 50,000 homes were built. In October 1983, following pressure from the National Association of Bison Tenants (NABT), the Government sent a circular to 50 councils with Bison housing requesting them to check on the condition of their Bison housing.

The councils were supposed to reply within six weeks but it wasn't until 25 July that results were released in answer to a Parliamentary question. The government then admitted that 'the appraisals undertaken by the councils did not appear to address, or address adequately, all the possible faults'.

Nevertheless housing minister Ian Gow rejected a call for a general investigation because 'of the information and knowledge already available, and the advice which I have received'. He even issued a press release to defend his decision not to start a thorough investigation.

But as Monday's programme will show, the authorities couldn't possibly have *already* done the investigations required because they involve the removal of massive amounts of concrete to discover whether the metal bolts (ties) which hold pre cast panels together are actually *in situ*.



David Fowler

Unreconstructed Mr Gow

The call for a nationwide investigation is not just about correcting yesterday's mistakes. Apart from the 10,000 systems built flats which have been already demolished, millions of pounds are being spent on remedial measures. And these, by definition, are untried and untested. Hackney Council, in searching for a way of remedying faults on its massive Trowbridge Estate at a cost of £11m, tested four methods of keeping rain water out a particular type of junction and found all four were defective.

Christian Wolmar

Kids' wits

*THE ORTHODOXY that working class children often do badly at school because of an alleged paucity of language experience at home is to be challenged in research results coming out on 18 September.**

The conversations of 30 four-year-old girls with their mothers at home on the one hand, and with teachers at nursery school on the other, were tape-recorded by Prof Barbara Tizard and Dr Martin Hughes of London University.

They found that the girls averaged 27 separate conversations an hour with mum as opposed to only nine with teachers, but more importantly — for teachers may have as many as 15 children to talk to — conversations with mothers were characterised by a 'richness, depth, and variety' totally missing from those held with teachers.

The teacher training college line about 'working-class verbal deprivation' leads many teachers to conclude — often erroneously in the view of the researchers — that the girl who is relatively inarticulate in nursery school has parents who don't talk to her at home.

The findings also entail an attack on the Piagetian theory of cognitive development (after Jean Piaget), which has long dominated teacher training colleges, and which proposes that children of four have a limited ability to 'intellectualise' and learn mainly through play. An outcry is to be expected.

Barry Hugill

**Young Children Learning — Talking & Thinking at Home and School, Fontana.*

MISCELLANY

Not the Belgrano Papers

Rupert Murdoch's newspapers have been waging war on the Belgrano Papers story on three fronts. The *Sunday Times* last weekend backed up the cruder approach of *The Sun*, The Paper That Wants Blood, with 'No truth in war cabinet rift', which purported to be a denial of the *NS*'s revelations last week. Meanwhile, *The Times* nearly slipped up by publishing a further '*Belgrano* leak' last Thursday. The first item in *The Times* diary was to have been the disclosure that Mrs Thatcher, having authorised the sinking of the *Belgrano* at Chequers, rushed to Naval HQ at Northwood to be present in the operations room for the attack itself. One might conjecture that the story was pulled out at the last minute, not because senior persons thought it was inaccurate, but because it portrayed Mrs T as a monger of war.

Not fade away

Another stirring story of a lone 'ordinary worker' standing against the bullying might of the union in the *Daily Telegraph*. This time it is Mr Medlock Bibby, whom even the *Guardian* described as a 'rank and file docker' at Tilbury docks. Mr Bibby is leading the 'Work-on campaign' at Tilbury, distributing 2,000 leaflets to persuade dockers to defy the national strike call. He told the *Telegraph*: 'I am just an ordinary docker doing a job and trying to keep a job. I am just trying to bring some common sense into this ridiculous dispute, and then I shall fade away.' Just like, no doubt, the way he 'faded away' from being an Independent councillor on Thurrock Council after 14 years, two years of which (1980-82) were spent sustaining the one-vote majority of a Conservative-led coalition. Last year this non-political rank and file docker stood as an Independent in the general election and polled 1,220 votes.

Inclusive revelation

When *Private Eye* starts using stories three months after they appeared in the *NS*, we know the once famous organ is in decline. The fact that the Victoria and Albert museum had temporarily mislaid a valuable mediaeval triptych (you'll have to look it up) was reported in this column on 25 May this year. Last week, Lord Gnome solemnly reported exactly the same story, seven weeks after the triptych, having been retrieved, was sold at Sotheby's for £200,000.

Stately chips

Not part of the *NS*'s forthcoming television advertising campaign is a programme on BBC2 called 'The New Statesman', coming up in the autumn. You might be expecting a fascinating documentary about the role of a leading political weekly, but no, it is a simple comedy about a museum curator who inherits an island, a mobile fish and ship shop and a seat in the House of Lords from an uncle. Perhaps 'the New Statesman' is what his customers wrap their fish and chips in. Outline plots, on postcards please, for BBC2 comedies entitled 'The Economist', 'New Society' or similar.

Mr Toad croaks

'Highly misleading' is how Nicholas Ridley describes the *NS*'s story linking railway accidents with spending cuts (3 August). Our Mick Hamer said that spending on track and signalling had fallen by 2 per cent per annum as the result of a squeeze on total rail expenditure, quoting as his authority British Rail's annual report. In a letter to Labour's transport spokesperson, Ridley points out that the original paragraph in BR's report says this fall was also 'to some extent' caused by increasing efficiency. Well, that changes everything, doesn't it?

Euro-Libs bad. . .

The London Liberal Party is sick of the European Liberal group in Strasbourg, with whom Liberal leader David Steel remains on friendly terms. It is putting a motion to Liberal Assembly next month calling for the British Liberals to leave the Euro-Liberal group — on account of its economic and defence policies, which are akin to those of the British Conservatives. Not that there are any Liberal Euro-MPs, mind you.

But much worse is in store the week before Assembly, when David Steel flies to Israel with Lord Tordoff and Russell Johnston to hobnob with the Israeli Liberal Party, loyal coalition partners of the Begin and Shamir governments, who fought the recent elections on a common electoral list with the Herut (Shamir's party). The Israeli Liberals are hosting the 1984 Liberal International Congress. Among other things, Steel's hosts supported the invasion of Lebanon, the sending of the Phalangist militia into Sabra and Chatila and military and nuclear co-operation with South Africa. Perhaps this is what Steel means by 'reasserting his leadership'.

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Turned out of doors by hard-faced Harrogate

AT A TIME when many councils are at last showing a positive attitude towards housing gay and lesbian couples, Mary Simpson, a 37-year-old lesbian, is having to fight Harrogate council for the right to stay in the house she shared with her lover for two years.

The council claims that she has no right to live in the house after the death in February of the 'legal' tenant Nicky Rodrigo, who was Mary's lover. The courts ruled in favour of Harrogate council in July, but on the advice of the Recorder, Victor Zermansky, she is taking the case to the appeal courts in London. Meanwhile she applies to Harrogate county court this Friday for leave to stay in the house until her appeal has been heard in the autumn.

Under the 1980 Housing Act, if the tenant dies the tenancy can only be passed over to blood relatives, a spouse, or common-law spouse. Cameron Mackie of Harrogate council correctly asserts 'There is no provision in the Housing Act for lesbian relationships and homosexual couples.'

Such literal interpretation of the law was anticipated by gay and lesbian activists when the Act was going through Parliament. Through Chris Price, then Labour MP for Lewisham, they lobbied for an amendment to be passed to include any permanent members of the household who had been registered with the council.

The rejection of this amendment means that Mary is now being forced into a situation of appealing the case on the grounds that she was living with her lover 'as man and wife'. Ian Dunmore of new *Gay News*, who is helping Mary's campaign, calls it 'very embarrassing. The last thing a gay couple want is to be considered as man and wife.'

Whatever the result of the appeal, Harrogate council's interpretation of the Act is in no way binding on other councils. Indeed, many councils have discussed provision of more housing protection for gays and lesbians. While the London boroughs of Islington, Haringey, and Brent are the only ones to have formulated a definite policy, Hackney and Greenwich have general commitments not to discriminate on grounds of sexual orientation.

Outside London, gays and lesbians have more chance of finding a roof over their heads if they live in Avon, Nottinghamshire, the West Midlands, or in Liberal-controlled areas. Anna Durell, of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, comments: 'The Liberals have a clear policy of non-discrimination. Labour's is a little woolly. There are sometimes problems with Labour councils.' *Gays in Conference at County Hall — page 13.*

Sue Rylance

● *Mary Simpson needs £1,500 to cover the legal costs of her case and appeal. She has been refused legal aid. The Campaign is being run from New Gay News, Lamb House, Church Street, Chiswick, London W4 2PH.*

Damp squib role of Hunterston — contd

Scargill and the leaders of the TGWU, NUR and ASLEF decided in London to redouble their efforts to squeeze supplies to strategic coal users like power stations and steelworks. In Scotland the unions at Ravenscraig were eventually given a deadline of midnight on 19 June to agree to cuts in production.

When the main steel union, the ISTC, and British Steel ignored that warning, railmen refused to move trains which normally transport coal the 50 miles from Hunterston to Ravenscraig. But lorry convoys were back on the road within hours. Nine days later iron too — up to seven trainloads normally roll every day — was blacked. In a mammoth road haulage operation that, too, was shifted by lorry.

Surprisingly the NUM didn't at that point renew its mass picketing of the terminal or the steelworks. The union's Scottish vice-president George Bolton has since admitted: 'We had to accept at Ravenscraig that even with a mass picket there was no possibility, on sheer logistics, of stopping the place.'

But for the TGWU the renewed lorry convoys of June were deeply embarrassing. In many of the cabs sat TGWU members, driving through token picket lines and in the process raising serious doubts about the TGWU leadership's ability to deliver its membership in support of miners. The old jibe about paper tiger was to be heard again.

TGWU's own losses

IN A UNION that's seen a quarter of its membership vanish during the Thatcher years, the TGWU's Scottish secretary, Hugh Wyper, was loathe to suspend strike-breaking drivers from the union — and so encourage non-unionism in an industry already very difficult to organise. But Wyper and his lieutenants were desperate to get the coal and ore back on the rails.

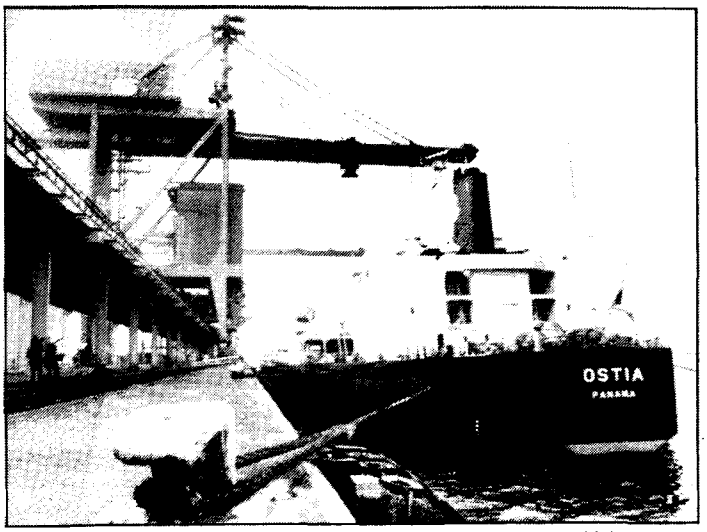
So at the beginning of August, the Hunterston dockers blacked the *Ostia* in a bid to get British Steel to cut production at Ravenscraig and shift an agreed quote of coal by rail. The union's opening bid was 12,500 tonnes a week, but under pressure it conceded 18,000 tonnes — exactly the figure agreed way back on 11 May. British Steel now insisted it needed 22,500 tonnes to protect its ageing coke ovens.

'My God, what are we arguing about, 4500 tonnes?' cried an exasperated John Prescott, Labour's transport spokesman as the Hunterston dispute moved towards its inevitable impasse. But by this time the issue, and the passions, ran much deeper than that. British Steel had accepted the 18,000 tonnes figure agreed in May. But when the NUM and its allies reneged on the deal in June, local British Steel management and the Ravenscraig stewards were bitterly angry.

In the weeks that followed they proved they could shift as much raw material as they needed by road. Ravenscraig's management decided that never again would anyone unfamiliar with the technical complexities of modern steelmaking dictate to them how much coal they needed.

So after the *Ostia* had sat at anchor in Belfast Lough for 16 days, during which time Whitehall suffered an initial bout of nervousness about triggering the second national dock strike this summer, an impatient Ravenscraig management got the green light to dock the *Ostia*, so calling the TGWU's bluff. Could the union deliver the national ports stoppage threatened in retaliation?

By berthing the coal ship, British Steel uncovered the transport union's self-inflicted wound — a local agreement signed on 16 May after a previous row over another coal carrier, the *Obo King*.



PA

Just now, one of the world's most-photographed sterns — the *Ostia*, which docked 23 August

Hunterston as minefield

HUNTERSTON terminal has been an industrial relations minefield since it opened five years ago. Although falling within the provisions of the National Dock Labour Scheme, the November 1979 inter-union agreement which eventually got it open after a six-month wrangle gave most of the work to steelmen.

They operate two giant grabs from suspended control cabins which move with the grabs out over the holds of the ships. When the bulk of the cargo has been discharged in this way, registered dockers clean and trim the vessel, using mechanical shovels to clear the corners of the holds.

The 16 May agreement, needed according to the TGWU to close loopholes in the operation of the original deal, states that when registered dock workers are 'unable to attend . . . the right for grab discharge is reserved.' The May agreement also says that 'tugs and boatmen will always be ordered for berthing and departing operations.'

British Steel's case is simple. The corporation says it asked tug and boatmen to dock the *Ostia*. When they refused it brought the vessel in without tugs and tied it up using a firm of local boatmen who, while non-union, are regularly contracted by the Clyde port authority. BSC also asked the Hunterston dockers to work on the unloading but, when they too refused they were deemed to be unable to attend, and ISTC cranemen simply removed as much coal as they could reach with the grabs and the *Ostia* left with the residue.

BSC claims it has abided by the strict letter of the 16 May agreement, an assertion with sufficient literal truth in it to undermine the TGWU's call for a national stoppage in protest.

The TGWU has been forced on the defensive, admitting that this strike, unlike the one that started at Immingham, has nothing to do with threats to the Dock Labour Scheme. Thus its rather unconvincing argument that the dispute is over the use of scab labour and not primarily about support for the miners. ●

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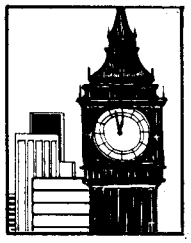

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Churchill, Mountbatten and the noble art of leaking

TO WHOM do government officials owe their ultimate allegiance? Is it to *the* government of the day, however bad or dishonest, or to Parliament, or to the civil service itself and to some more enduring concept of *government* as a continuing entity, whichever party temporarily possesses it?

Five years ago Richard Wilding, a deputy secretary in the Civil Service Department, argued as follows:

> It is absolutely necessary to pursue today's policy with energy; it is almost equally necessary, in order to survive, to withhold from it the last ounce of commitment . . . and to invest that commitment in our particular institution, the civil service itself, with all its manifest imperfections.

This view raises a number of problems. Does it provide a mandate for Whitehall to block the policies of a future left-wing government? Whose property is the civil service, if not that of the government of the day? To what extent is an individual official justified in defining his or her own notion of the public good, where ministers are covering up or lying? Most important of all, is it ultimately for the courts or for ministers themselves to arbitrate when private conscience confronts public iniquity?

In the United States, the 1978 'whistle-blowers' act provides for civil servants to enter public interest as a defence for leaking, so the courts rather than the executive weigh the balance. Our own Official Secrets Act provides formally for no such defence; but one exchange during the closing stages of the ABC trial six years ago, involving my colleague Duncan Campbell, is worth recalling.

Lord Hutchinson, defending Campbell, argued that it should be permissible to employ a free press as 'the means of contact between the troubled and genuine citizen who was split by divided loyalties, to the State and the public'. The judge, Mr Justice Mars-Jones, intervened. It was not *the press* that should be contacted, he said: 'When you are dealing with matters of national security *it is open to people to go to their MPs*.' (emphasis added)

There is some ambiguity in that. Is it open to people in general to go to MPs in general, or only for individuals to contact their own local MP? If the second, it seems a bit hard, if you are a civil servant living in Finchley and want to draw the attention of your MP to a government cover-up. Mrs Thatcher is unlikely to be amused.

In any case, there is a colossal precedent for leaking to an MP other than your own, and not being prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. In the 1930s Mr Winston Churchill, as he then was, based his attack on Britain's inadequate air defences on secret information passed to him by a host of officials and servicemen. It is improbable that they all lived in Epping, Churchill's constituency.

THE STORY of Churchill's briefings is fully told in volume five of Martin Gilbert's biography (Heinemann, 1976). What follows is largely drawn from Gilbert's account.

Shortly after Hitler came to power in 1933, a massive expansion in Germany's air force started to occur. The facts were known within Whitehall, but denied in public by ministers. One of the first clashes in the House of Commons took place on 28 November 1934. Churchill wanted the government to double or treble the amount spent on the air force, as Germany's was 'rapidly approaching equality with our own'.

Stanley Baldwin replied for the government. He disputed Churchill's claim. Germany's air strength, he said, was 'not 50 per cent' of Britain's. Had Baldwin's figures not been challenged, Britain might never have started, belatedly, to build up its defences. But Churchill *did* continually challenge the government's figures and his campaign slowly started to work.

Churchill's initial source was Desmond Morton, who worked for the Imperial Defence Committee. Before the 28 November debate, Morton briefed Churchill on the latest military intelligence of Germany's capability, and after the debate wrote to Churchill analysing the errors in Baldwin's speech. Comparing like with like, Morton told Churchill, Germany had at least 950 aircraft available for war, while Britain had 1,247. 'How on earth 950 aircraft can be expressed as less than 50 per cent of 1,247 beats me!', Morton wrote.

By the spring of 1935 ministers had to admit that Britain's superiority over Germany was well below 50 per cent, and the Under Secretary for Air, Sir Philip Sassoon, announced plans to expand the air force by 41½ squadrons over the next four years.

Within weeks, Churchill was receiving fresh information that this action would be inadequate. On 7 April Ralph Wigram, a senior Foreign Office official, travelled to Churchill's home at Chartwell and stayed overnight. He revealed the latest secret Air Ministry projections showing that by October 1936 Germany would have almost twice the first-line air strength of Britain. 'Henceforth', according to Martin Gilbert's account, 'Wigram was to be in constant communication with Churchill. . . and was to provide Churchill with detailed documentary evidence, most of it secret, on Germany's strengths and intentions'.

And so it went on. By the autumn of 1937, writes Gilbert, Churchill had 'received much secret information from serving officers and Government officials who had contacted him on their own initiative, among them Brigadier Hobart, Rear-Admiral Ramsay, Major Desmond Morton, Captain Lachlan MacLean, Squadron-Leader Rowley, Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten . . .'

Lord Louis Mountbatten? Good heavens, leaking government secrets has not just a noble tradition, but a royal one.

'. . . Captain Graham and Wing-Commander Anderson'. And they leaked not only British intelligence on Germany's plans, but defects in Britain's military planning. On 2 October 1937 Wing-Commander Charles Anderson lunched with Churchill at Chartwell and subsequently sent him five pages of closely-typed criticism of the air force's organisation for home commands. It was, he told Churchill, a scheme that 'bewildered' the air force commanders.

Something else that bewildered many airmen was a decision that autumn to invite a German air mission to Britain to convince them we were equipped to fight. Captain MacLean sent Churchill the official notes of what the Germans were to be shown: these included a remark by Air Marshal Sir Edgar Ludlow-Hewitt 'that we should have to comb the country in order to produce sufficient aircraft to get up any sort of show'.

By this stage Churchill was so incensed about the air force's weaknesses that he passed on details, without naming his sources, to the cabinet secretary Sir Maurice Hankey. Hankey's reply could serve as a model for all secrecy-worshippers then and now:

> It shocks me not a little that high Officers in disciplined Forces should be in direct communication with a leading Statesman who, though notoriously patriotic beyond criticism, is nevertheless in popular estimation regarded as a critic of the Departments under whom these Officers serve . . . They jeopardise their official careers by their action, for a slip might prove disastrous to them, and even though they escape this possibility, it may all come out years after and damage their reputations before posterity.'

Or perhaps not. Hankey's view contrasts sharply with that taken some years later by Churchill's assistant, John Wheldon. Recalling Desmond Morton specifically, his words surely apply to most if not at all of Churchill's sources:

> I was there when he purveyed secret intelligence reports almost verbatim to Churchill. He was incredibly courageous in his continuous, wholehearted breach of the Official Secrets Act. I was impressed by his sincerity and total patriotism.

Which makes more sense to posterity — Hankey's view or Wheldon's? Take your pick. □

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The Belgrano cover-up

Duncan Campbell and John Rentoul reveal the cover-up that failed — and provide more information from the Belgrano Papers, showing how the government has deceived Parliament

THE GOVERNMENT has conducted a six-month long cover-up in order to hide the secrets behind the *Belgrano* affair. After last week's leaks, Mrs Thatcher has ordered officials and colleagues to keep absolute silence. Downing Street itself has refused to comment at all about the *New Statesman* allegations.

But Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine has long been worried about a 'Watergate in this', it was revealed by the *Guardian* earlier this week.

Although the full truth about the conduct of the Falklands war and the sinking of the *Belgrano* may never be known, since proper official records were often not kept and many of the major participants and items of evidence are in flagrant contradiction with each other, it is apparent that the government has been engaged for two years in a major process of obfuscation. It has wanted, amongst other things, to avoid any examination of its willingness or unwillingness to reach a peaceful compromise with Argentina, and any exposure of how it deceived the public then and subsquently.

Mrs Thatcher has been particularly angered by the leaking of the minute sent to her on 1 May 1982, concerning the decision by the war cabinet to allow the sinking of the Argentine aircraft carrier, the *Veinticinco de Mayo*. Both Foreign Secretary Francis Pym and Attorney General Sir Michael Havers were concerned that the attack then authorised might not fall within the terms of the public warning which Britain had previously given to Argentina about self-defence against attacks on the task force. If the sinking of the aircraft carrier came outside the meaning of the existing warning, and a new warning was not announced, then the attack could be regarded as illegal under international law, they feared.

Last week, officials in several departments combed files to see how far the minute — which is addressed to the Prime Minister and her colleagues in the OD(SA) (Overseas and Defence (South Atlantic)) Committee — had been circulated. The one page document is classified 'Secret', but had a wide circulation.

The misinformation, and clamp-down on any queries, about attacks on Argentine ships have largely been undertaken by the present Minister of State for the Armed Forces, Mr John Stanley — who was Mrs Thatcher's Parliamentary Private Secretary in the late 1970s. What now amounts to a major cover-up has culminated in the recent use of Official Secrets Act charges against senior Defence Ministry official Mr Clive Ponting, OBE. In the course of the cover-up Mr Stanley has:

- Prevented Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine and Defence officials from answering MPs' questions about the affair;
- Sent deliberately misleading information to a House of Commons Select Committee — his evidence is published here for the first time (see box);
- Urged a security clampdown in an attempt to protect the cover-up.

Below, we document some of the steps that Mr Stanley has taken to conceal critical information about the behaviour of the Falklands war cabinet.

IT WAS in March this year that a sudden chill ran through Whitehall when it appeared that the many discrepancies in official statements about the sinking of the *Belgrano* might

The cover-up

Last week we published a minute from a Defence Ministry civil servant advising junior minister John Stanley how to withhold the disclosure of politically embarrassing information about the sinking of the Belgrano, *which the Foreign Affairs select committee had asked for. Stanley took that advice and we now publish the answer he sent to the committee. If this Memorandum had been allowed to stand as a record of the crucial information on the Rules of Engagement, it would have been grossly misleading.*

CHANGES IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC RULES OF ENGAGEMENT DURING OPERATION CORPORATE APRIL-JUNE 1982

Memorandum by the Ministry of Defence

Rules of Engagement (ROE) — the detailed guidance given to Commanding Officers prescribing the circumstances in which they may engage the enemy — were changed very frequently during Operation CORPORATE between 2 April and 15 June 1982. The ROE were updated continually, reflecting changes in the Task Forces's position and its composition; the allocation of new missions to the Task Force by the War Cabinet; and the nature of the Argentine response. The ROE and their evolution in response to these factors was kept under close political control by the War Cabinet.

2. Examples of this process of evolution include the changes to the ROE for submarines which allowed them discretion to attack certain targets within the zone, following the declaration of the Maritime Exclusion Zone (MEZ) on 12 April. There were special ROE devised on 15/16 April 1982 for the operation to recapture South Georgia, because the ROE under which the task force was making its transit from Ascension were not appropriate for a direct operation against Argentine held territory. Similarly the rules were of necessity changed again when the MEZ was translated into the Total Exclusion Zone on 30 April. Separate ROE existed for the Terminal Control Area established round Ascension. Examples reflecting Argentine response to our operations are the provision of ROE to deal with Argentine Boeing 707 aircraft which began to shadow the fleet south of Ascension Island, and the change in the ROE by which we allowed our warships to attack the General Belgrano outside the total exclusion zone. In connection with the latter change it is, however, important to remember that the legal basis for it was our right to take measures in exercise of our inherent right of self-defence, as recognised in Article 51 of the UN Charter; and, in particular, the warning conveyed to the Argentine Government on 23 April that in exercise of that right "any approach on the part of Argentine warships, including submarines, naval auxiliaries, or military aircraft which could amount to a threat to interfere with the mission of the British forces in the South Atlantic, will encounter the appropriate response".

Cover-up 1: The Memorandum says the ROEs were updated 'frequently' and 'continually', in a 'process of evolution', and gives a few familiar examples.
Truth: Mr Legge's advice, which we published last week, reveals that a 'full list of changes' would cause 'difficulties' by showing that: 'the engagement of the Argentine aircraft carrier *Veinticinco de Mayo* was permitted from 30 April, and that the change on 2 May was not restricted to the *Belgrano* but included all Argentine warships over a large area'.
Cover-up 2: The Memorandum does not refer to the *way* in which changes in ROEs are made.
Truth: Legge's advice reveals that any reference to the 'underlying system of ROEs or the mechanism for their approval' had been 'deliberately avoided'. We now know that this is to avoid further questioning by the select committee about the decision by the 'war cabinet' to change the ROE on 2 May, which led to the *Belgrano* sinking. When we suggested to Downing Street this week that there is no record of how the decision on 2 May was taken, an official replied 'If there is a record, it is a classified document. You are on you own with that.' When we suggested that an investigation had failed to find any such record, we were told: 'There is nothing to add.'
Cover-up 3: The Memorandum contains the strong implication that the change in the Rules of Engagement on 2 May, which enabled the sinking of the *Belgrano*, was *putting into effect* the 23 April announcement — warning the Argentines that they could be attacked outside the exclusion zone if they threatened British forces.
Truth: The 23 April warning was put into effect immediately by a package of ROE changes. The 30 April and the 2 May changes were dramatic, unpublicised, *extensions* of the scope of the conflict.
Cover-up 4: The Memorandum states that the 'legal basis' for the change in the rules which 'enabled' the sinking of the *Belgrano* was the 23 April warning, embodying Britain's right to self-defence and make an 'appropriate' response to a threat under international law (see Peter Archer, p.10).
Truth: This conceals the fact that, not only were the ROEs changed substantially on 30 April and 2 May precisely to go further than the warning, but that the changes could well have gone beyond what was acceptable in international law, as Pym and Havers had warned. It is presumably this which John Stanley has been most concerned to avoid having the Select Committee know or probe.

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Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach (top left): does not deny that ministers discussed the nuclear option — 'It is not for me to say what the war cabinet did or did not consider.' John Stanley, Minister for the Armed Forces and a former Thatcher private secretary: signed the cover-up letter to the Select Committee. Argentine aircraft carrier *Veinticinco de Mayo*: War Cabinet ordered its sinking, with 1,500 aboard, on 30 April 1982, but the British submarine failed to locate it

suddenly become a major political issue. For two years, back-bench Labour MP Tam Dalyell had determinedly pursued the *Belgrano* affair, asking over 1,000 parliamentary questions. But his questions had not until then come near the sensitive heart of the affair; and no other politician was following his lead.

On 6 March, however, shadow Defence Minister Denzil Davies MP wrote to the Prime Minister on behalf of the Shadow Cabinet, asking for an explanation of 'serious discrepancies' between the government's and other versions of events. Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine, rattled, is reputed to have told friends that he wanted a full investigation, and 'to be clear that there isn't a Watergate in this somewhere'.

Davies had only asked about a discrepancy in statements about the time the *Belgrano* was first sighted. An anodyne reply from the Prime Minister was sent. But on 19 March, Dalyell now wrote to Heseltine with nine detailed questions about the sinking of the *Belgrano*, asking for course and position details.

These questions were bad enough; if honestly answered, then Mrs Thatcher's and others' misinformation about the course of the *Belgrano* would immediately be exposed. But Dalyell, guided by Bradford University specialist Dr Paul Rogers, had gone further and touched a very sore 'raw nerve'. He also asked about the Argentine aircraft carrier.

Soon after he sent the letter, however, former Foreign Office clerk Sarah Tisdall, in a quite unconnected affair, was given a six-month jail sentence for leaking Foreign Office papers. Ministers believed that all civil servants would be intimidated and the lid would now come firmly down on unauthorised Whitehall disclosures. A month later, Dalyell was sent a cursory reply: Heseltine had 'nothing to add'. When Dalyell wrote again in May he was told that, since he was still trying to pursue a campaign to show that the *Belgrano* was sunk 'in order to destroy the prospects for peace negotiations', there was no 'point in prolonging this argument' with him.

Two further letters from Dalyell to Heseltine were then completely ignored. The cover-up was in full swing. Until the unsent draft reply to Dalyell's letter leaked last week, it had never been revealed that the government had had information that the *Belgrano* had been sailing directly back towards Argentina, without taking evasive action, for 11 hours before it was sunk.

IF THE FIRST phase of the cover-up consisted of a clamp-down on providing information, the second, involving misinformation, began in June. Then former Foreign Secretary Francis Pym had rightly indicated to the House of Commons Select Committee on Foreign Affairs that there had been not just one but many changes in the South Atlantic Rules of Engagement. Alarm began anew when the Committee asked the Foreign Office to provide full information about the changes in the 'ROEs' — which would reveal Britain's secret political authorisation to broaden the conflict beyond the limits likely to be acceptable to the UN Security Council. Early in July, Michael Legge, Head of Defence Secretariat 11, briefed John Stanley on how to evade the Select Committee's questions. His advice to Stanley was published here last week.

This week, we are publishing the evidence that Stanley then despatched to the Select Committee. The two-page document went to the committee in mid July. It is formally unclassified. The Minister personally signed the letter to the committee which accompanied the Ministry's Memorandum on 'Changes in the South Atlantic ROE'. Normally, it would be signed by a clerk at the Defence Ministry. Thus, Stanley wholeheartedly accepted advice on the best ways to mislead the Select Committee. But as he sent off the Memorandum to the House of Commons, Tam Dalyell MP received the leaked information about how it had been prepared.

'On or about' 16 July, according to the charge in the Official Secrets Act case, Legge's minute

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was allegedly leaked to Tam Dalyell. In a statement published in the *Observer* on Sunday, Mr Clive Ponting's solicitor Mr Brian Raymond said firmly that 'Mr Ponting denies any criminal culpability in this matter'. Mr Ponting added that 'my conscience is entirely clear'.

Dalyell sent the leaked documents on to the Select Committee chair, Sir Anthony Kershaw, and the committee, leaving Dalyell 'aghast', sent them back to the Ministry of Defence. MoD police began an immediate investigation of the leak.

At the time, Secretary of State Michael Heseltine was on holiday. John Stanley was duty Defence Minister in his stead. There is, according to many defence sources, 'little doubt' about what happened next. Stanley consulted Mrs Thatcher, on holiday in Switzerland; he insisted that the case be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions. But under the Official Secrets Act, the consent of the Attorney General is necessary before charges can be proceeded with.

The charges against Mr Ponting were then brought with some haste, as the *Observer* has disclosed. The speed necessitated telephone calls to the Attorney General, then difficult to contact while on holiday in France. We have learned that one reason for the haste was official hopes that discussion of the *Belgrano* papers might then have become *sub judice*. (This appears to have been an impetuous and ill-advised view.) Following this line, after the charges were brought, police refused to tell reporters what the charges were.

MINISTERS and government officials continue not to deny, on the record, the existence of the documents and other evidence revealed in the *New Statesman* last week.

Concerning the minute of 1 May sent to the Prime Minister, about the potential illegality of the sinking order, Downing Street said, in what has become its stock response that: 'We cannot confirm that there is such a minute, you can only find out in 30 years time.'

Last week, we provided evidence that a nuclear missile-armed Polaris submarine was sent to the South Atlantic during the conflict, for use 'if need be'. Downing Street says that 'we never disclose the movement of Polaris submarines'. But the Admirals have added to the government's discomfort with new contradictions about major points of the disclosure.

Both Admiral Leach and Lord Lewin, former chief of the Defence Staff have denied that Britain planned or contemplated actually *using* Polaris missiles against Argentina. Admiral Leach, did not however deny that there might have been consideration of the matter: 'It is not for me to say what the war cabinet did or did not consider.' Asked on *The World this Weekend* to say that there was 'at no time' a Polaris submarine in the South Atlantic Leach said: 'That is a different question and I am not prepared to comment on it'.

He added, however, that the 'normal programming' of Polaris submarines — which means always having one of Britain's four Polaris submarines on underwater patrol — was never 'altered for reasons to do with the war'. Admiral Leach said he was confident that no Polaris submarine had gone to the South Atlantic during the war; nor had its use ever been considered.

However, the *New Statesman* has details from a further Top Secret government document, which outlined the military planners' consideration of a nuclear threat against Argentina. During the crisis Cabinet meetings immediately following the Argentine invasion of the Falklands, Admiral Leach was temporarily absent in New Zealand. In his place, the then acting chief, Marshal of the RAF Sir Michael Beetham, was directed to prepare a paper setting out the military options available in response. The paper was written by civil and military staff during 2 April 1982, and eventually submitted as a ministerial briefing document.

During its preparation, Beetham was asked 'How far up should we go?' — that is, what level of force did the Cabinet want to consider? The answer allegedly given was: 'Right to the top'. It was then concluded that Polaris afforded the only reliable means of a nuclear attack on Argentina. Such an 'option' would require the removal of a Polaris submarine from the NATO area.

Sources close to ministers have confirmed details in the briefing paper. One said:

> Certainly, the nuclear option was one of the options studied on 2 April. . .part of the work done that day involved examining the possibility of retargetting Polaris against Argentina.

But the source stressed that although the study was done, it was not then considered to be a serious option.

We have confirmed with a senior defence source, closely involved wth the Chiefs of Staff, that all information about the movements of nuclear submarines — even ordinary hunter-killer submarines — was kept off the Falklands 'war displays' inside the MoD. These displays were relayed by closed circuit television to key offices to show the current positions of UK and Argentine forces. Much other information was never even passed to the Defence Ministry from the Northwood headquarters, because military officials regarded Secretary of State John Nott as a security risk. He was, said one, 'continually briefing (Tory) backbenchers' about new military developments in the war, a course many would regard as quite proper.

AS A RESULT of Mr Stanley's failed attempts to keep the lid on embarrassing information, the government now faces three major political problems. First, there will be more damaging revelations when the House of Commons Foreign Affairs Committee starts to examine the *Belgrano* affair later in the autumn. (Among them is the evidence we have that the submarine HMS *Conqueror*, a few hours after the *Belgrano* was sunk, returned to the scene in an attempt to sink one or more of its escorting destroyers, which later picked up survivors.)

Secondly, Heseltine's fear that the Shadow Cabinet would identify the government's chest of Falklands secrets as a major political issue, and exploit it, has come true. Neil Kinnock has now authorised two shadow ministers officially to question the Prime Minister.

Thirdly, the issue is guaranteed to remain in the news for months yet, and create further embarrassment, when official Clive Ponting is finally tried under the Official Secrets Act — unless his trial is discreetly abandoned. □

FALKLANDS — 2

Right of reprisal

During the era of total world wars fought out by the armed forces of competing nation states, the idea that they could be limited or governed by international law had little meaning. That era has been superseded by, among other things, the UN, the advent of nuclear bombs and new economic trading relations. ***Peter Archer****, Solicitor-General 1974-79, examines what international law has established on limiting wars*

THE REVELATION that, in the course of the Falklands episode, the Attorney General was concerned as to the legality of general action against Argentinian warships, reminds us that even while engaged in hostilities, national States remain subject to international law.

For generations, scholars considering international relations advanced the theory of the 'just war'. A State, they declared, is entitled to resort to war if it is necessary to achieve certain legitimate purposes, such as the protection of its territory. And since Grotius, the Father of International Law, codified the subject in the seventeenth century, international law has adopted a similar approach. In essence, it has recognised a right of resistance to aggression.

The Charter of the United Nations deals in detail with the obligations of States in relation to peace keeping, with their duty to seek peaceful methods of resolving disputes before resorting to armed force, and with the means by which the Security Council is to look for solutions. But Article 51 provides: 'Nothing in the present Charter shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self defence if an armed attack occurs against a Member of the United Nations, until the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security'.

(Britain in fact referred the Falklands conflict to the UN Security Council on 1 April 1982. The following day Britain proposed Resolution 502 calling on both Argentina and Britain 'to refrain from the use or threat of force in the Falkland Islands'. It demanded the withdrawal of Argentina from the islands and called on both governments 'to seek a diplomatic solution to their differences'. The resolution was passed on 3 April.)

The existence of the rule was recognised in 1837, when British troops operating from Canada entered United States territory and seized a steamer, the *Caroline*, which had been supplying Canadian rebels. The resulting correspondence between the two Governments has subsequently been recognised as defining international law on the subject. It was accepted by both parties that the action taken by way of self defence must not be 'unreasonable or excessive', and that it must be 'limited by that necessity and kept clearly within it'.

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There is a further analogy which sheds some light on the matter. A State may take certain actions which would otherwise be unlawful, as a reprisal for an unlawful act by another State. It is widely accepted that reprisals involving armed force can now be justified only in situations which would give rise to a right of self defence under Article 51, that is, when a nation-state's territory had been attacked. However, the United States argued that its military actions in North Vietnam in 1965, though not claimed to be taken by way of self defence, were legitimate reprisals for Vietcong attacks upon military installations in the South.

BUT IT is worth seeing how the right was dealt with before the United Nations Charter existed. It was recognised that a reprisal was legitimate only if it was proportionate to the illegality which evoked it. In 1914, a Portuguese frontier force in Africa killed three German officials. By way of reprisals, German troops totally destroyed a number of Portuguese forts and frontier posts. The resulting complaint by Portugal was adjudicated upon by an international tribunal in 1928, and the award became a classic statement of the right of reprisal.

The tribunal declared, 'One should certainly consider as excessive and therefore illegal, reprisals out of all proportion to the act which motivated them'. Even the United States, when appealing to the right of reprisal in Vietnam, clearly had that same principle in mind. The White House statement dealing with the matter argued: 'The response is appropriate and fitting'. Whatever the merits of the thesis, the US government obviously found it necessary to assert it. Although it was not a reprisal action, the sinking of the *General Belgrano*, with the loss of 368 lives, took place when not a single British life had been lost through Argentinian action.

Until recently, there is little to be found in the text books about limitation or proportionality when once a State has resorted to hostilities. The reason is that, at least until the Kellogg Pact of 1928, it was accepted that there were a number of reasons other than self defence for which a State might resort to war. And once war had begun, it was usually pursued until further resistance on one side or the other became impossible. The only function of international law was to achieve compliance with Conventions about such matters as the protection of wounded and of prisoners.

But attitudes to war have, for various reasons, changed since the last 'total war' of 1939-45. It is now generally agreed that, since 1948, the right to resort to armed force, at least between Members of the UN, is limited to the right of self defence. It is for this reason that the custom of beginning hostilities with a formal declaration of war is used less frequently. The legality of any action taken depends not upon a declaration, but on whether the situation falls within Article 51. And that must introduce the limitation principle.

An ever-increasing range of matters governing human welfare, from the delivery of mail, and the regulation of air transport, to the control of pollution and the prevention of nuclear war, are coming to depend upon an effective international law. But international law cannot yet call upon bailiffs or police to enforce its demands. It relies for enforcement upon international recognition and opinion.

If international law is to develop to the stage where we can speak meaningfully of law and order among nations, two conditions are needed. First, States with a tradition of respect for law must demonstrate that international affairs can be successfully conducted within a framework of rules. Secondly, public opinion must insist that governments behave in a global context as individuals are expected to behave in a national one. The most effective sanction against law breakers is the judgment of the people. But while legal decisions cannot be substituted for political questions, at present neither the law nor the *vox populi* has any means of being implemented effectively in international affairs.

If Tam Dalyell's persistence leads to a public debate on this aspect of the Falklands episode, he will have placed posterity yet further in his debt. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□The possibility of giving a contraceptive pill to seagulls as a way of reducing numbers in Mevagissey is to be investigated by the local parish council. Members agreed that contraception would be preferable to climbing on roofs to prick eggs, as had been suggested at the previous meeting. — *Royal Cornwall Gazette* (A. L. Dennis)

□Staff at Reading Magistrates' Court, Berkshire are considering putting a television set in the foyer to combat costly vandalism. Mr Bill Benton, deputy magistrates' clerk, said yesterday that it was thought a television set might occupy people waiting for their cases to be heard. 'We do not want to make it too cosy,' he said, 'but we must try to stop the vandalism.' — *The Times* (W. Pugh)

TUC FRINGE MEETING

Thursday, 6th September

5.30-7 pm:— METROPOLE HOTEL, KINGS ROAD, BRIGHTON

NEW STRATEGIES FOR EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES IN EMPLOYMENT

CONTRACT COMPLIANCE: Bringing equal opportunities to the workplace through local government purchasing power.

CONTRACT COMPLIANCE & EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES: A trade union view.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES THROUGH PERSONNEL PRACTICES: What is the GLC doing?

SPEAKERS:

JOHN CARR, GLC Member, Chair of the Staff Committee

JUDITH HUNT, GLC Director of Staffing and Equal Opportunities

JULIE MELLOR, GLC Contract Compliance Equal Opportunities Adviser

Chaired by: Muriel Turner, Assistant General Secretary ASTMS

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TRADE UNIONS

Taste of the TUC box

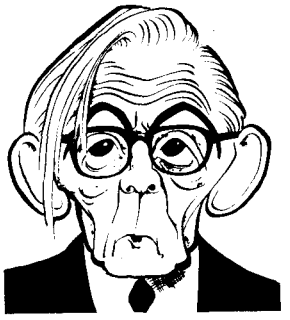
In his second article on the September conference, John McIlroy identifies where the battle lines are drawn

The Miners: The six-month old pit strike will dominate and divide this Congress. The NUM wants total support from the TUC, and amendments from the Transport Union, the railway workers and the furniture trades' union will specify the financial and solidarity help which unions should give. Bitter opposition to such an all-out escalation of the strike will come from right-wing unions such as the electricians, the steelworkers and the engineers — and by many in the centre. They claim that the NUM is a divided union pursuing impossible demands; it should accept a refinement of the NCB's last offer. Apart from the politics, union leaders fear that their members will rebel against a levy and, particularly, a ban on crossing picket lines. They do not want to jeopardise their own union finances or members' jobs, and are likely to ignore any hard-line resolutions. An EETPU amendment which questions the damage to trade unionism by violent picketing and suggests the implementation by the NUM of the restrictive TUC Code on Picketing will create further acrimony.

The view of the centre right is summed up by AUEW leader Terry Duffy, who wants to 'throw Mr Scargill a line making sure we are not dragged into the scrap ourselves'. The majority of the General Council want to get involved in orchestrating a settlement — ideally before the Labour Party Conference — without committing their own forces. They have sought meetings with NUM leaders before Brighton to avoid public bloodletting and being saddled with specific commitments. If these initiatives don't bear fruit the centre-right will pursue a policy of dilution, going for a toothless resolution of general support.

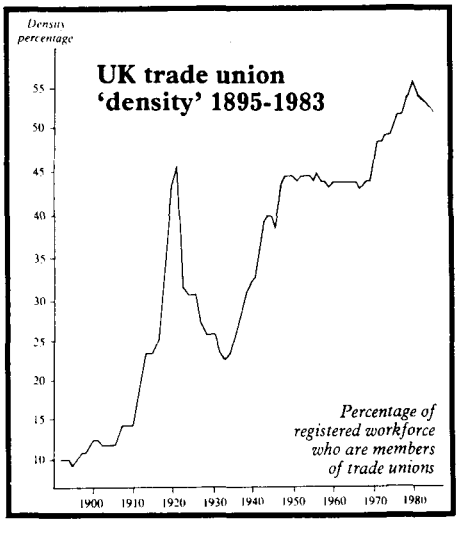
All are aware that a defeat for the NUM would intensify the strike's isolation and weaken its leadership. NUM backers claim over 4m votes in the bag and believe that if pushed to a decision it may all depend on which way the 800,000 votes of the internally divided NALGO are cast.

Employment legislation: The TUC report points out that the provisions of the 1980 and 1982 Employment Acts are being used more often and more effectively — witness the recent sequestration of the South Wales miners' assets. The first parts of the Act, which provides for secret ballots before industrial action, for the election of union officials and to decide on a union's involvement in politics, take effect on 26 September. New urgency is given to the issue by statements from Employment Secretary Tom King, that the government will introduce proposals on banning strikes in essential services as soon as the miners' strike is



over; and by the opinion poll commissioned from MORI by Trade Unionists for a Labour Victory. It showed that up to 12 major unions could lose their political funds in the ballots, depriving the Labour Party of 80 per cent of its affiliated union membership.

The TUC report on the new Act leaves it very much to affiliates to decide their own policies on ballots for union elections and political funds — and most unions are already moving to comply with the new provisions. Although in principle all unions oppose the Acts, there is a deep division on how in practice to oppose them. Unions such as the National Graphical Association, which are bitterly critical of the General Council's failure to support their dispute with Eddie Shah over the closed shop — the Fire Brigades Union, TASS and the NUM argue that the TUC should *automatically* support unions involved in a confrontation with the Tory laws. Amendments from APEX, the clerical workers' union, and the Inland Revenue Staff Association argue that the TUC must look at the specific circumstances of each confrontation and that unions must be prepared to act on its advice. The waters were muddied by Len Murray's statements during the NGA affair that the TUC could not involve itself in



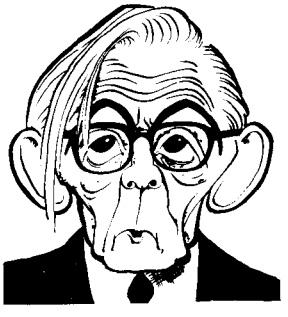
'unlawful action', contrary to the decisions of the 1982 Special Conference at Wembley.

The Wembley decisions are reiterated and clarified in the General Council's Report which states that the TUC 'remains prepared to challenge and test the law in situations where on balance there is a reasonable prospect of success or where there are convincing reasons in the interests of the trade union movement for it to be tested to its fullest extent'. These conditions, say critics, will never be met to the satisfaction of this General Council. (In practice, the law will be gradually accepted.)

National Economic Development Council: Until February, six TUC leaders sat on this body along with Ministers, CBI representatives, chairs of nationalised industries and MSC nominees. The General Council voted 25-16 to withdraw from it after the government ban on unions at GCHQ despite a personal appeal by Len Murray. The council meets monthly to discuss medium and long-term economic and industrial trends. In the past it has been chaired by the Prime Minister and has been both a vehicle of policy dialogue, as under the last Labour Government, or a means of maintaining some discourse between hostile parties as under Ted Heath's administration.

For the last few years the TUC Left has argued that as the council is essentially part of a planning framework, a TUC presence when the government has no intention of planning and simply does not listen only gives union ligitimacy to policies decided elsewhere. The TUC should turn away from spectres of long vanished consensus towards its own grassroots. The Centre and Right argued that it was important to keep some lines open to government, and even more so with the CBI.

While Mrs Thatcher threatened to close down the NEDC, John Cassels, its Director General, and the CBI appealed to the TUC to think again. In June General Council representatives did meet the CBI to discuss a joint study of where the new jobs are going to



come from, regional industrial development and more public expenditure. This led to a report, adopted by the General Council, setting out the terms for the TUC's return to the NEDC.

Their recommendations will be opposed by a motion moved by TASS leader Ken Gill calling for a continued boycott.

'No Strike' Agreements: Not formally on the agenda, this issue will be the ghost at the Brighton feast. The 'no strike — arbitration' arrangements negotiated by the EETPU at plants such as Toshiba Plymouth and Sanyo Lowestoft and its sole bargaining agreement at Hitachi in Hirwaun, South Wales, have caused consternation among other unions. NUPE sees

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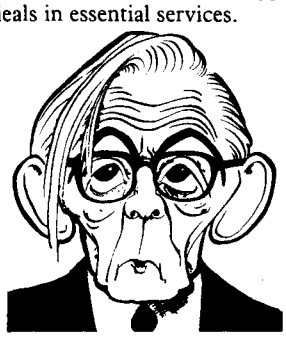
the EETPU strategy as an invitation to Mr King to legislate for 'no strikes' in the public sector. ASTMS sees the electricians as, with the calculated support of employers, mopping up its own potential membership and creating company unions. EETPU bosses Eric Hammond and Roy Sanderson argue that their approach is essential to drive into new high technology areas and recognises the new harsher bargaining environment.

A statement from Len Murray when requested to comment in April by the Wales TUC was non-committal. When the issue was raised by NUPE General Secretary Rodney Bickerstaffe, a paper was produced for the TUC Employment Committee. Broadly critical, the document will not formally arise at Brighton. Extremely heated feelings, as illustrated by two cases involving the EETPU before the TUC Disputes Committee, could surface in the debate on motions opposing 'no strike' deals in essential services.



TUC Strategy: These issues are all part of the wider problem of TUC philosophy and strategy for the 1980s. It is unlikely that this year's Congress will herald any ambitious new initiatives. Last year's gathering at Blackpool in the wake of Labour's election defeat produced the much touted 'new realism'. Never precisely articulated, it involved coming to terms with the weakened position of trade unions in the recession by shifting policies in the direction of membership attitudes, moving from confronting government and employers to doing deals with them and a loosening of ties with the Labour Party.

Despite a shift to the Right with the new system of automatic seats for big unions, the new emphasis never fully stamped itself on the General Council which tended to be split approximately 21-18 between the Left and the 'new realists' with 12 'don't knows' holding the middle ground. If the purpose of the strategy was to cling onto some authority with governments, the failure of the TUC to win any concessions over GCHQ highlighted the futility of the core of the strategy: the Tories were simply not interested in collaboration with the TUC on any terms.

The heritage of the now fallen Murray and Graham is the document *TUC Strategy*. This faithfully analyses the predicament of the unions today. It points to few credible answers to it. But the Left, who rejected the new realism, has failed to come up with convincing alternatives. Many of the Left replaced the need for a strategy with the hope that a confrontation with Thatcher would occur. It has: but the lack of strategy may prove fatal to its prospects of turning the tide in favour of the unions. In the end, what happens to the miners' strike may prove far more influential in the future of British trade unions than discussions of the TUC strategy document at Brighton. □

SOCIETY

Gayness is good for you

Andrew Lumsden attended a Bank Holiday conference of Campaign for Homosexual Equality at County Hall

YOU'VE GOT to party when you can. While the kicked-about ethnic minority turned London's Notting Hill Gate into Carnival this August Bank Holiday weekend, and the police had themselves photographed in as many a sexually conformist grapple with black folks of the opposite sex as they could, some of us queers and dykes were drinking wine on the terrace of County Hall by permission of the Labour administration, and gazing at the Palace of Westminster across the water, wondering why the Commons doesn't fall into a heap of rubble from sheer inability to do anything about the most homophobically ugly administration since the 1950s.

We were five lesbians and some 50 gay men from around England and Wales and were taking a break from a two-day conference of Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE). The step grandchild via successive name changes of the 1958 Homosexual Law Reform Society — and in that sense nearly three decades old — CHE is the principal lobbying arm of the gay movement. It briefs the handful of MPs of all parties who go on trying to halt Customs and Excise censorship of imported lesbian and gay reading matter; to stop police entrapment of gay men; to amend the sections of the Police & Criminal Evidence Bill which are bad news for homosexuals *too*; to resist the Criminal Law Revision Committee's recommendation this 16 August that the chatting up of gay men by gay men should remain punishable in law if observed by a cop; and generally to try to stop what may surely for once be properly called the moral rot.

A deliberate policy of abandoning mass membership drives in favour of committed campaigners has brought individual membership of CHE down from over 4,000 in 1975 to some 550 day today, plus 30 affiliated lesbian and gay local groups scattered around the country. Excluding internal matters of concern only to CHE's membership, the main preoccupation of this year's gathering was the isolation felt by lesbian and gay groups outside London and the chronic numerical preponderance of gay men in the organisations designed wishfully to be for both sexes. CHE's own executive committee — currently, though not as a deliberate matter of exclusionary policy, made up of eight men — was instructed in the final day's session to address itself to 'concrete and radical proposals for ensuring

Bob Workman

As it happens, 'straights' passing by usually smile back these days at scenes like this

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that women have an equal say . . . in priorities and campaigns.' Of course, we've heard all that before.

'The woman question' has been exercising CHE for three decades (incredible statistic in a movement most people still think so young). In fact, women's energy, as in so many dissident enterprises notionally for both women and men, is disproportionate to numbers. CHE keeps going through the closest co-operation between the numerically predominant gay men and three highly committed lesbians, even though only 4.3 per cent of campaign-members are women. As elsewhere, e.g. on the steering committee of the GLC-financed London Lesbian and Gay Centre project and in the management of the country's leading lesbian and gay bookstore, Gay's the Word, close lesbian-gay male partnerships co-exist with permanent *angst* about selfish pursuit of their own aims by gay men.

IS THERE A 'woman question'? No, there's a 'man question'. This was borne out by the sexism workshop which also featured on last weekend's agenda. Lesbians are in the insufferable position, if they're not to be isolated in a lesbian-only world, of being variously embattled with straight men's absorption in other straight men, with heterosexual feminist women's unreconstructed heterosexism, and with the awful truth about gay men: that though they (we) may love individual lesbians dearly and have as fair a grasp of women's wrongs as it's open to a man to have, we're if possible *more* fascinated by other men than straight men are. Naturally.

Last weekend's directive to the CHE EC to up the overt lesbian participation in CHE's affairs is a good barometer of the state of the 'woman question' (ie 'man question') in the UK gay world at large this dying fall, this autumn, of 1984. And that in turn, it may be suggested, is no bad indicator of the state of the 'woman question' (ie 'man question') in the TUC as it meets this weekend, in Labour when it meets on 1 October, and in society at large. We are as a mirror held up to artifice.

Take the gay press (mirror of the straight press). Lesbians were ejected from it on 15 April 1983 when old *Gay News* was bankrupted and left not a single lesbian in employment in the UK print media for homosexuals. Lesbian writers and lesbians who want gay periodicals of first-rate interest to themselves aren't, as far as I'm aware, barracking the men who *do* still have newspapers and periodicals and pay themselves wages to bring them out. But the men are floundering about feeling bad about it.

The monthly news magazine *Him* (claimed circulation 22,500-25,000) has just turned itself into *Gay Times*, which is in part a distribution and marketing ploy, but is *also* an effort to stop being so overtly sexist. Its editor is canvassing for women writers. New *Gay News*, a fortnightly (the title was bought by a gay man as bankrupt of political ideas as old *Gay News* had become bankrupt of money) has apologised for its horrendous initial sexism and Toryism. Claiming sales of 16,000-19,000 it too apparently wants to be of some use to lesbians. I'm prepared to trust that both are sincere. But to the point of sharing ownership? Lesbians on staff? See any parallels to the power-structures of the straight media?

HOWEVER, being a gay man, and therefore, in this context, one of the privileged of the earth, I thoroughly enjoyed myself last weekend in conference. I'm geriatric enough to be subconsciously and pleasurably amazed still by the spectacle of gay people in conference, though one way or another I've seen it for 14 years. And in County Hall no less.

But there we were, courtesy of the ghost of Ken Livingstone. A reporter for *Gay Times* took him flowers earlier this year when he went to interview him. His Harrow speech of August 1981 as new leader of Labour-controlled GLC seems increasingly (difficult though it is to appraise the living moment) a historic shift for Britain's gay movement, comparable to such other pivots as the setting up of Wolfenden (1954) or Leo Abse's Sexual Offenses Act (1967). Livingstone said London owes a duty to its lesbians and gay men, and proceeded to act on that obligation, to the well-known 'fury' (joy, given the populars' circulation wars) of the *Sun, Standard, Star* etc.

I confess that I personally mistook the historic moment. I thought Livingstone was going in for radical chic, a career-building exploitation of what would (1) make him a right-wing hissing and byword (2) make him a household name, and (3) take him to the top of Labour politics. Good prognosis, but bad diagnosis. The ditching of Labour's Human

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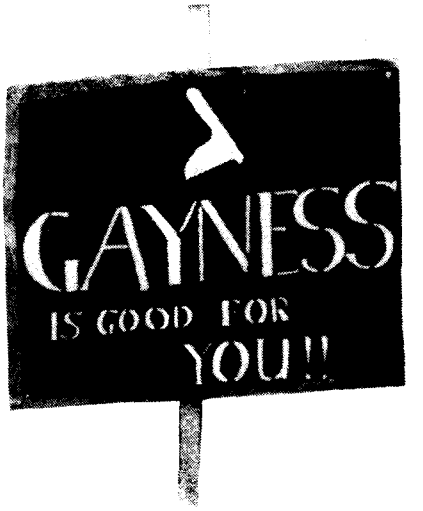

Rights Study Group's gay rights recommendations by the party's NEC before the 1982 Labour Conference, and the cowardly subsequent heterosexism, as flagrant as if we hadn't left the '50s, of the programme and manifesto, only demonstrate why it was so hard to believe that Livingstone — and Andy Harris, among others who have implemented recent GLC policy — weren't aiming to be served by lesbians and gay men, rather than be of help.

That has changed. Whatever the doubts and the upsets in the course of three years in bed with Ken, the gay movement (meaning by that the politicised self-help end of the numerically far larger, and of course not necessarily unpoliticised, gay community) has for the first time known what it is to be dealt with as fellow-adults, and not merely as 'handicapped' (Runcie), psychological cripples (Abse), or naturally ineligible for civil rights (David Waddington, Minister of State at the Home Office, this year). Municipal government adults today. National government adults tomorrow. Well, if Gerald Kaufman gets the Home Office, maybe tomorrow, and if he can get Neil Kinnock, mistrusted on this issue by every lesbian and gay man I know, to sit still for long enough to read a brief.

CONVERSATION out of plenary session and formal workshop is always the real measure, of course, of what's on people's minds. While I must sorrowfully admit that no gay man in real life ever talks about sexism or other 'awareness' matters which may figure on formal agendas (in this, if nothing else, we are 'real men' like all other men); and while participating lesbians tend, like women in political conference everywhere, to let the boys bore on when the drinking gets under way, and give up the literally unequal struggle for parity of gossip, keeping us at best — the crowning mercy of 'mixed' homosexual gatherings — from the sodden sex-talk which always leaves me at least, the following morning, feeling under-hung as well as hung-over; despite all this last weekend, and despite the conference resolution calling on the CHE EC to report back fast with proposals about lesbian involvement in CHE, there was I thought more genuine solidarity between lesbians and gay men last weekend than there ever used to be in the '70s.

It's not just a matter of lesbians in every 'mixed' institution of the gay movement making concessions to gay men who *do* try, and who may even on occasion be more tolerable

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than heterosexual feminist women. The licentious soldiery, Thatcher's whiteshirts under Leon Brittan (the police), Nigel Lawson (Customs & Excise), Patrick Jenkin (DoE scrutineers of metropolitan Labour spending), and Norman Fowler (SS myrmidons), threaten everything from the lesbian mother's child-benefit to the gay men's liberty from jail. If there was anyone left who didn't know that civil libertarian causes cross the gender divide they knew it after 10 April 1984, when Nigel Lawson's Customs-men raided Gay's the Word in London's Bloomsbury, and threatened the directors — as they are still threatening them — with criminal charges, as if it were a 'sex-shop' too odious even for 'modern' toleration.

WHICH BRINGS me to the National Council for Civil Liberties (NCCL). As Thatcher knocks the baton from Livingstone's fingers, Larry Gostin, NCCL general secretary, picks it up. I was present in Tabard St on 21 March this year when Gostin, in office only since December 1983, told representatives of gay organisations that as an American he is appalled by the treatment of lesbians and gay men in this country. Another pivotal moment, echo of Harrow 1981. Since then, with effect 3 August, NCCL has agreed to take on legal work for Gay's the Word bookshop, and may, if she approaches them, do the same for Mary Simpson, the lesbian embattled with her housing authority (see p.6 this issue).

Three 'show trials' of crucial importance to gay people are set for this winter or 1985: Dr Keith Hampson MP's, on the 'indecent assault' charge arising from his notorious arrest at Soho's former Gay Theatre (since renamed), which is expected towards the end of September; Gay's the Word, which has to contest seizure charges on consignments of books and may yet face criminal charges of intent to evade Customs restrictions; and Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE), facing trial at the Old Bailey in November. All wildly different in their political circumstances and connotation, but all matters which will draw national attention once again to homosexuality in one manifestation or another.

CHE continues to try to modernise opinion about homosexuality from the ground up. Over the weekend we saw the first cut of a CHE tape-slide kit on discrimination against lesbians and gay men in employment, which is intended to go out to trade union branches. A workshop on AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) heard of the efforts made by the Terence Higgins Trust — formed by gay people — to monitor and keep a sense of perspective about the disease. (*The Lancet* is set to make a major report in a couple of weeks.)

At the personal level of the things people just happen to say, I was greatly struck by a remark by one young man. He is, he told us, the *only* 'out' (cheerfully self-declared) gay undergraduate at King's College, Cambridge. This in 1984. Oh, and there was one incident that may be of interest to all. A gay man referred to 'breeders'. In case you don't know, that's the dismissive term for heterosexuals, sometimes used without malice, sometimes with real hatred by those who have suffered violence from 'straights'. The speaker was reminded from the floor that there are lesbian mothers and gay fathers. □

LAW

Miners and magistrates

John Rose examines the background and attitudes of local benches

NEARLY 1500 arrested miners have now been banned by the magistrates at the Mansfield Court in Nottinghamshire from returning to picket lines outside Notts pits before their trials. The gap between the date of arrest and the date of trial is often several months and what has become known as the 'usual conditions' of bail — a printed slip of paper which states that release from custody for miners awaiting trial is conditional on them staying away from picket lines — has been imposed on most of the arrested pickets.

This, as the pickets' defence lawyers have endlessly repeated in court, appears to be a blatant manipulation of the 1976 Bail Act. It is being used, they argue, to stop the picketing as an alternative to implementing civil procedures against pickets under the government's new Employment Acts.

The defence lawyers' protests have been met with a stonewalling response from M.J. Friel, Clerk to the Justices, at the Mansfield, East Retford & Worksop Magistrates Courts. Mr Friel, in letters to *The Times* (6 August) and *Guardian* (11 August), points out, with obvious relish, that attempts to obtain a lifting of the bail restrictions at the High Court have been firmly slapped down by the more senior worships.

Attention has, perhaps understandably, so far focused on whether the Bail Act is being wrongly used in law — this being seen by the lawyers as their only lever in trying to get justice for the pickets. But an entirely different matter is also raised; that is, the fitness of the magistrates to try these cases at all.

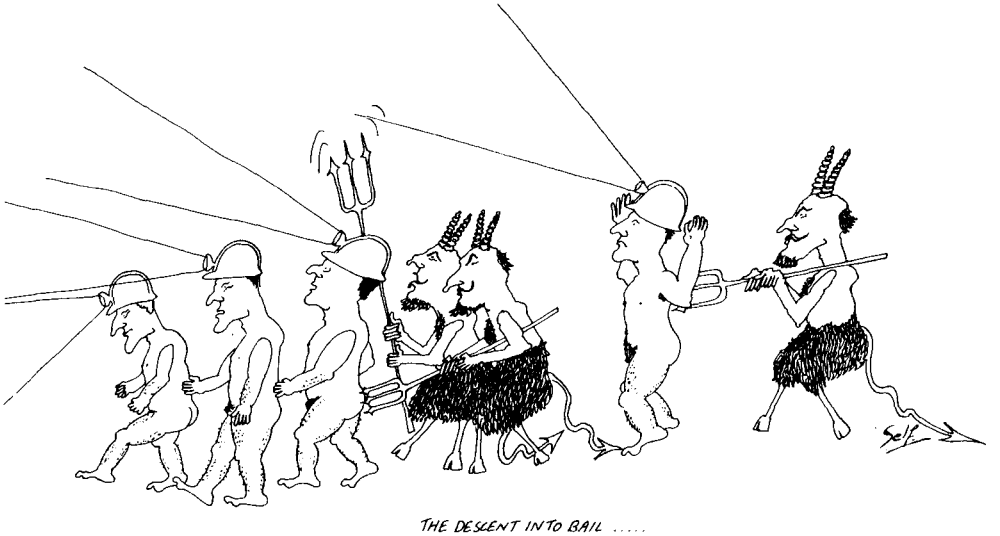
Because no jury is involved, the legal competence and political and social values of the magistrates will have a signal influence on the perceived fairness of the trials. Recently, the BBC-2 programme *Brass Tacks Reports*, penetrated much of the mystique that envelops magistrates courts and came up with some quite startling facts.

For example, 98 per cent of all criminal cases in England and Wales, involving nearly half a million citizens a year, are heard, not by juries, but by magistrates courts, usually by a bench of three lay justices, with the power to send people to prison for up to a year and fine them up to £2000.

These lay magistrates are still appointed secretly by local advisory committees, headed by someone called a Lord Lieutenant and are usually composed of other magistrates, responsible ultimately to the Lord Chancellor. This committee is so secret that very often not even the other magistrates know who are its members. There is something distinctly masonic in this; indeed a *New Society* study of the Rochdale bench in 1974 discovered a predominance of Freemasons and Rotarians with no representation at all from the 6000 strong Catholic and Pakistani community.

Each town and city has its own peculiar and closeted tradition for pulling new magistrates into what is really a self-selecting oligarchy. But the outstanding feature everywhere, and the one whch should concern us particularly here, is the overwhelming domination of the benches by magistrates from middle-and-upper-class backgrounds. There are no official statistics but a study of 128 benches in 1976 found that no less than 92 per cent came from these social class backgrounds.

IT WILL be objected that Labour Party and trade union members become magistrates too. Yes, they do. But the local selection procedures are carefully geared to weed out potential 'troublemakers'. One magistrate told the *New Statesman* that the conversation in the 'retiring rooms' is strongly in favour of the miners who refuse to strike. The best recent book on the subject, Elizabeth Burney's, *J.P., Magistrate, Court & Community* said of trade union appointments to the bench: 'Trade unionists are usually tested by some rather stock questions about their position on violent picketing.' ▷



THE DESCENT INTO BAIL .....

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Elizabeth Burney also makes the obvious, but here also critical, point that most magistrates take for granted that policemen always tell the truth and are quite shocked to be told otherwise. At worst, they believe that policemen might sometimes be 'mistaken'. What chance really does a Yorkshire picket's evidence have in such a court? What chance does the picket have of even the faintest understanding, from the bench, of what motivated him to travel miles in the middle of the night to picket a nearby pit?

AT THIS YEAR's conference of Justices' Clerks, their president, David Kidner, chose to reply to some of the criticisms raised by the *Brass Tacks* programme. One of his arguments gave us a rare insight into the mentality of the local authority:

> To those who argue that magistrates' judgements would be more acceptable. . .if received from people in their own neighbourhood, and not from occupants of desirable residences on the other side of the track, I would say that taken to its logical conclusion, that remark could be taken as suggesting that magistrates should be recruited from the criminal fraternity.

Incidentally, the part played by Justices Clerks in the magistrates courts is also often completely misunderstood by the public. Although in court the clerk or his assistant appears as a subordinate of the bench, the clerk can exert immense influence. Often, when he disappears into the 'retiring room' after the magistrates, he may not only advise them on law but is quite capable of giving a forceful account of his opinion on the case as well. (They have a reputation, too, for demanding more severe sentencing.) The Justice's Clerk is often responsible for the training of the magistrates, as is the case at Mansfield, and can be as important as the Chairman of the Bench, for maintaining consistency in sentencing policy.

Suzie Gregson-Murray, a Nottingham-based solicitor who has been defending the pickets, has given us a graphic example of this:

> A magistrate announced that he would grant unconditional bail. . .There was some mumbling among the police. Unable to believe her ears, the court clerk asked the magistrate about the police request for conditions whereupon the magistrate hastily altered his decision to one of bail with the 'usual conditions.'

BUT PERHAPS what has most undermined the notion that magistrates are drawn from, and reflect the values of all the *local* community, has been the enforcement of uniform bail restrictions on arrested miners. Where did this idea, and the formula for the words, came from?

When I asked Mr Friel he insisted that, while there had been regular written and telephone communication with the Lord Chancellor's Office and the Home Office, under no circumstances would he or the benches accept government interference in the policy of the courts. Rather,: 'As I recall,' he told the *New Statesman* 'the original proposal came from the police which the court found acceptable.'

In fact it was the Nott's police Deputy Chief Constable Tyler who pressed originally for the bail restrictions. The failure of a local firm of solicitors used by the NUM to oppose the police led to the union dismissing them.

Now it may well be that discussion between the Mansfield Court administrators and the government over 'administration problems' caused by the picketing cases do indeed include a coded endorsement of court policy from the government. But, in the end, it is the good women and men of the benches who have capitulated to the police versions of events and the police demands on policy. □

OMAN

Death of an affair

Charles Raw comments on the Press Council's ruling in the Thatcher case

THE *SUNDAY TIMES*'s clumsy story on Mark Thatcher's company's bank account last March seems to be having much the effect that I predicted in the *New Statesman* at the time: its result has been to divert attention away from the Thatcher business interests to the behaviour of the press. Now that Sir William Rees-Mogg and Lord Shawcross have weighed in, the spotlight is firmly on the methods and ethics of so-called investigative journalism rather than the business ethics of politicians and their families.

This may well end up making the task of investigative journalists yet more difficult in the future, and will almost certainly put an end to inquiries into the Oman affair. The objection to using any method of inquiry that can be regarded in any way as underhand when investigating the financial affairs of prominent people is that it will almost certainly rebound on the newspaper, especially if there is any risk of the matter ending up in court where the deception is bound to come out. It is all the more aggravating in this case because the *Sunday Times* might well not have been found out if the original article had been presented differently. It was madness to quote a bank official as if he had given an on-the-record quote to the *Sunday Times*. This gave the game away at once since everyone knows bank officials don't go giving statements knowingly to newspapers about customers' accounts. Trouble was inevitable.

But I must say I was surprised that the *Sunday Times*'s use of deception was accepted by the Press Council. After a good many years in the business I had never learned that there were circumstances in which the Press Council 'had consistently' approved the use of subterfuge. I was also surprised to hear from *Sunday Times* editor Andrew Neil that the techniques used on this story followed the criteria laid down by the former editor Harold Evans. I did quite a few financial investigations for Evans and I don't remember him ever laying down any criteria for the use of subterfuge — although naturally I can't speak for other *Sunday Times* journalists.

Of course the reality is that a certain amount of deception — perhaps 'low cunning' in the words of the late distinguished *Sunday Times* journalist Nicholas Tomalin is a better description — is used from time to time but it has proved dangerous for the Press Council formally to approve it — even if hedged around with conditions — since this has been interpreted by many as a general licence for journalists to use trickery. It was bound to raise the hackles of the Rees-Moggs and the Shawcrosses with the above mentioned results.

The Press Council's verdict is unsatisfactory in other ways. It leaves the whole affair in a messy state. There remains the question of who made the other telephone calls to Barclays Bank, masquerading as a signatory to the account. The council says that it has not been established to its satisfaction that they were made by the *Sunday Times* or its agents. But since the council itself has no investigatory machinery, this does not take one very far. Neil says on this point that the *Sunday Times* was not alone in pursuing inquiries on the bank account. So if it was not the *Sunday Times*, some other newspaper was using deception too — deception which the council suggests would not have been acceptable.

The furore over the deception issue has somewhat eclipsed the fact that the *Sunday Times* was condemned by the council for its failure to print Barclays' denial that Denis Thatcher had ever been sole signatory on his son's company's bank account or had had any beneficial interest in it, this failure being the crux of my criticism of the article.

The allegation that Denis had been sole signatory seemed to me to be the most convincing bit of evidence that he might have had a beneficial interest in the account. Without it there seemed very little of substance left in the original article, since there could be all sorts of innocent explanations for Denis being merely a co-signatory.

How did the *Sunday Times* fail to print the denial? According to the council's summary of the evidence, Neil said it was due to 'pure error'. I tried to find out what this meant: were the *Sunday Times* aware of the denial but had simply failed to get it in in the heat of production? This seems highly unlikely given the repeated assertion that no facts had been denied in the *Sunday Times*'s justification of the original story. Or had all five journalists involved in this justification — editor, deputy editor, two original reporters and senior reporter appointed to investigate them — simply failed to read to the end of the Barclays complaint? That would have been a remarkable piece of incompetence. Or had a decision been taken for some reason to ignore the denial, which was now regretted? Neil would not comment for the record.

Perhaps significantly, however, there has been no clear retraction by the *Sunday Times*. On the contrary, Neil specifically told the council he 'felt puzzled by the denial when Mrs Brenda Sanger, Mr Mark Thatcher's personal assistant was reported in *The Mail on Sunday* as saying Mr Denis Thatcher had sole powers because the two directors were away a lot'.

So perhaps there is some good reason, after all, for thinking Denis was sole signatory. The disservice the *Sunday Times* has done is that now the chances of finding out any more about the Oman affair are virtually nil. Of course, with the Thatcher business interests safe from further probe, in due course friendly relations between the Prime Minister and the *Sunday Times* can be re-established. □

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DIARY

Michael Leapman

Edinburgh

The first person I ran into at the Edinburgh TV Festival was Donald Trelford, editor of the *Observer*. Actually he was the first person most delegates ran into because on the opening Sunday he had, perhaps by accident, sat himself strategically at the foot of the stairs at the George Hotel, leading to the office where we all had to register. When I discussed this phenomenon later with Peter Hillmore, the *Observer*'s ace diarist, he surmised that Trelford, like many who make this annual media pilgrimage to the North, was looking for a job. Hillmore speculates that next year, the tenth anniversary of Trelford's editorship, he will finally succumb to pressure from his proprietor, 'Tiny' Rowland, and step down. Trelford hinted as much himself in an aside at the conference session he chaired next day, but it was not the impression he gave me in our brief talk. He said he was quite enjoying the battle with Rowland, whose weakness as an adversary was that he interested himself in the paper only spasmodically. But he added that his struggle for survival did detract from the time he was able to spend actually editing the paper. That may not be such a bad thing. From my own experience, newspapers sometimes benefit if an editor is preoccupied with matters other than editorial. One of Trelford's negotiating strengths is that stalwart members of his staff support him, knowing that life would be a lot less comfortable for them if he were to go.

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I suppose it was partly by virtue of his experience in tackling the formidable Rowland that Trelford was chosen as chairman of the most newsworthy session of the TV festival, featuring the even more formidable Arthur Scargill. It was not the chairman's fault that the session turned out irredeemably dull. Anyone who has been to these conferences knows that TV reporters and producers, in vivid contrast to their counterparts in print, are self-analytical and self-critical to the point of obsession. Thus, when Scargill made his assault on TV coverage of the miners' strike, only a few doughty souls (notably Sir Alastair Burnet) mustered much of a response. The others, in their agonising way, rather tended to agree with Scargill. Alan Fountain, an excitable Channel 4 executive, seemed to suggest that reporters couldn't be fair because they didn't know miners socially. It was hard to quarrel with Scargill's conclusion that he won the debate. Many in the audience seemed ready to respond to his appeal to 'examine your consciences and become born-again journalists'. Not that it will alter TV coverage of the strike, nor its final outcome, but Scargill and his entourage were happy to have made their point, even at the cost of two and a half hours of tedium.

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An argument the TV people might have put, but didn't, was that whatever its faults, their coverage of the strike was less antagonistic to the miners than that in the written press. A related point was made in a much livelier discussion on investigative journalism. Ray Fitzwalter, editor of Granada's *World in Action*, said TV now had the monopoly of true investigation because print journalists are today largely working for employers who they were once called upon to investigate. This is horribly true. The capture of the *Daily Mirror* by Robert Maxwell, subject of a devastating *Sunday Times* 'Insight' probe not many years ago, is a neat way of dramatising the effective end of nearly two decades of inquisitorial aggression in Fleet Street — irritating, embarrassing and sometimes damaging people in power. Maxwell, Rowland, Murdoch, Matthews and Rothermere are not going to spend their money exposing buccaneers of their own ilk. That leaves just the *Guardian* and the *NS*, which don't have comparable resources. (Printing leaked documents, although admirable and useful, is not quite the same thing.)

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Christopher Hird, formerly of the *NS* and now with a Channel 4 company, reminded us that, despite what I wrote in the first paragraph, editors do play a role establishing the mood for or against investigative techniques. He maintained that when he joined Murdoch's *Sunday*

ROGER WODDIS

Balancing act

'All the major channels have been scrupulously fair.' — Alastair Hetherington, formerly BBC controller, now Professor of Media Studies at Stirling University, speaking at the Edinburgh International TV Festival.

When it comes to actuality,
A semblance of neutrality
Adorns the face that flannels
On the unimpeded air.
And it's a source of pride in us,
Despite the doubts that hide in us,
That all the major channels
Have been scrupulously fair.

To call a strike 'political'
May well be hypocritical,
Considering the issues
That are not are rather rare;
But even those reporting them
Will argue, while distorting them,
That all the major channels
Have been scrupulously fair.

A free, unbiased attitude
Should make us weep in gratitude
And fumble for our tissues,
For the truth is hard to bear.
The truth? — or what is left of it?
The media are bereft of it —
But all the major channels
Have been scrupulously fair.

Times its urbane editor Frank Giles confided that in his view the world had run out of stories worth looking into. It is a depressing thought that, if a young version of Harry Evans — Giles's predecessor — were today to descend on London with a reputation for campaigning journalism in the provinces, no one would offer him a job. TV does not labour under the same proprietorial restraints, but the withdrawal of newspapers from the fray means that the overall climate is now unsympathetic to major exposés. There is also increasingly well-organised resistance from vested interests, represented at the Conference by a clutch of public relations people. One chose to make insinuations against the objectivity and integrity of the probers, suggesting that they should register their interest. She had done some investigating of her own and could reveal that a former researcher on a TV programme was now a waitress in Marbella. Like the rest of us, she was unsure what to make of this information. She had clearly failed to absorb the basic lesson embroidered in poker-work on the walls of all investigative units: 'Not all facts are interesting.'

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Sir Denis Forman, Chairman of Granada, got the Festival off to a rousingly radical start with the annual MacTaggart lecture, delivered appropriately in the music hall of the Assembly Rooms. It was an odd occasion to launch a critique of monetarism, but Sir Denis found a pretext in the arguments about who should control satellite television and in the recent suggestion from the Adam Smith Institute about privatising the BBC. Sir Denis had the happy notion of privatising the Royal Family. 'Admirably as the present incumbents discharge their duties', he argued, 'how do we know that there are not others who would do it better and more cheaply?' The franchise could be put up for competitive renewal every few years, like the ITV companies. 'Is it not just possible that a consortium organised by David Frost and Peter Jay and fronted by some of the better known outlying Royals might not unseat the reigning licence holders?' Sir Denis is a bold man. If Granada's franchise is not renewed next time round, we might guess why.

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America's dirty war

Gavin Macfadyen and Joanna Rollo have returned from Nicaragua with new evidence of the extent of torture and killing by the CIA-backed contra

JULIO NOVOA died on 18 October 1983 in Pantasma, a small town deep in the heart of Nicaragua. He died in a singularly brutal fashion. Having first shot him in the leg, his murderers gouged out his eyes, pulled out his fingernails and killed him finally by hanging him from a tree. Novoa was murdered by the contra, the armed opponents of the Sandinista government, and he is but one of over 1,200 killed, often with equal barbarity, by a force that Ronald Reagan is fond of describing as 'freedom fighters'.

Contra attacks on Nicaragua's ports, the burning of its granaries, warehouses, farms, factories and fields, the mining of its harbours, the destruction of its hospitals and schools, causing an estimated $200 million worth of damage, are widely reported and publicly approved by the Reagan Administration.

Waslala is 80 miles north of Matagalpa on the rough dirt road which winds its way through the centre of Nicaragua. It is the only coast to coast road in the country, built by the Sandinistas in 1982. Contra columns, marching across the Honduran border and into Nicaragua's mountainous interior, have been trying to close it ever since. The road is littered with evidence of these battles, the charred wrecks of lorries, homes turned to ash, bombed bridges.

At dawn on 3 April this year, a large contra force attacked Waslala in what was to have been the start of a campaign to seize territory inside the country as far south as Jinotega. After a seven-hour battle they withdrew, unable to defeat a considerably smaller detachment of the EPS, the Sandinista Army, defending the town.

R-, a nun working in Waslala described the attack. 'One group of the contra went straight to attack the hospital, so everyone in the hospital was moved to the church.' Maria Mejia and her 23-year-old husband Teofilio were caught by the contra before they could hide in their refuge. Maria was shot in the stomach. As her house was burned to the ground and her husband dragged away she fled into the mountains with her baby. When she returned: 'The police told me my husband was dead. I ran to find his body. He had been beaten all over. He had been stabbed and a cross was carved in his back. His eyes had been pulled out.'

IN THEIR retreat from Waslala through the remote peasant hamlets of the region the contras killed 19 adults and children, bringing the total of civilian dead to 37. For days after the attack refugees made their way to Waslala. Many of them sought shelter with the church and they told R- and other pastoral workers of the horrors from which they had fled . . . 'A woman of 60 from El Acote, a small village about two hours walk from Waslala, told me she herself had found seven bodies.

'One was a miliciano. They cut off his fingers and then they skinned him. They spread his skin on a rock next to his body. They put his militia card on top of his skin to identify him., Always, always, the bodies of their victims bear the marks of torture.'

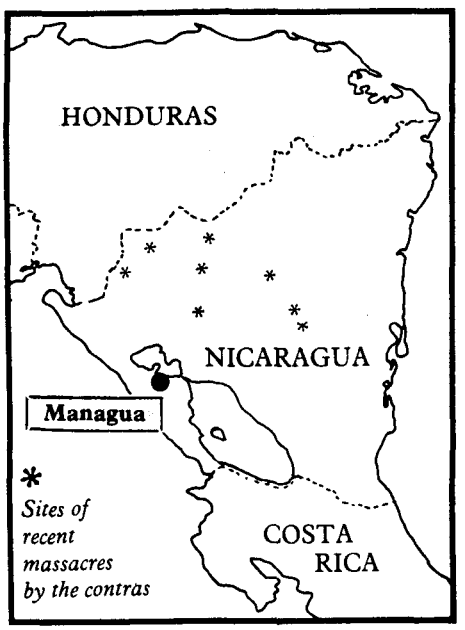
One old man from the village of El Curasal whom R- knew well was killed as he was riding home. 'They beat him and stabbed him with their bayonets. They cut his throat. His face was completely unrecognisable. His name was Porfirio Palacio. His wife said he looked like Christ, crucified and beaten.

'In El Achote a young man was dragged from his house and cut to pieces with bayonets in front of his wife. The contras shot her and left her for dead. But she was alive and saw them behead her 11-month-old baby. They set fire to the house and left. She was found later that afternoon . . . she is now insane.'

At least 200 people were kidnapped from Waslala and, R- estimates, around 600 have been kidnapped since contra activity in the region intensified last year. Abductions on a large scale are a common feature of this war.

Peasants who have escaped say they were used as pack animals — forced by the contra to carry heavy equipment, ammunition and supplies through the heavily forested mountains. No one knows how many have been raped, killed, or simply left to die en route from disease and exhaustion. Two women from Waslala, who managed to escape, described contra columns of which half were kidnapped peasants. Both women had been raped, one by the column commander.

WHAT happened in Waslala was not an aberration. Evidence from every war zone in Nicaragua points to a systematic campaign of terror waged against the country's civilian population since the contras received their first injection of CIA funds — $19 million in November 1981. This support resulted, in the words of a contra leader, in 'an extraordinary change in a short period of time. At one time we carried handguns and worthless rifles. To get weapons from the enemy we had to fight a lot. Overnight we got help and now we are a force. . .'



There are over 15,000 contras, many of them ex-members of Somoza's National Guard, notorious for its well documented atrocities prior to the 1979 Sandinista revolution. Their relationship with the CIA goes beyond the simple receipt of funds. The CIA have admitted that large numbers of Special Forces officers, US Navy and CIA training personnel are based at over 25 training and staging facilities in Honduras and Costa Rica, complementing training programmes in Panama and the United States. The contras are paid, equipped with uniforms, weapons, communication equipment and large supplies of ammunition, medicine and military rations by the CIA. Contra forces are resupplied in the field by aircraft purchased, maintained and often piloted by CIA personnel. Other CIA officials staff 'motherships' off both coasts, directing coastal attack and mining operations.

Contra intelligence is assisted by CIA and National Security Agency spyflights, sophisticated landbased, marine and airborn radio listening stations. Other CIA aircraft airlift contra wounded, and carry out artillery spotting and reconnaisance flights. Printing presses and two radio stations are organised for the contra leadership, along with visits by foreign and congressional delegates.

Shortly after they received their first instalment of CIA money the contras launched an operation codenamed 'Red Christmas' in Zelaya Norte, the north-eastern part of Nicaragua. Between November 1981 and January 1982 a series of raids was launched across the Honduran border into this remote and densely forested region, many of whose inhabitants were Miskito Indians, living in isolated settlements on the banks of rivers. There were more than 30 attacks on such hamlets and the detachments of the EPS sent to defend them.

By the end of it 60 people were dead and hundreds had been kidnapped. It was evident that the former members of the National Guard had not abandoned the use of torture. Mirna Cunningham, a Miskito doctor and regional health director, was kidnapped from the health centre of Bilwaskarma with two of her nurses. They were taken to Honduras, beaten and

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Gavin Macfadyen

raped repeatedly to a background of religious music. They were released back into Nicaragua as a warning.

SINCE 1981 the Ministry of Health has lost 18 doctors and nurses, among them two Europeans. Pierre Grosjean was a French doctor, working on a cure for Leishmaniasis — mountain leprosy — a bone rotting disease endemic in the interior of the country. In March 1983 Grosjean was working in Rancho Grande, a small village in the Waslala area, when it was randomly machine-gunned in a contra attack.

Albert Pflaum, a German doctor, was ambushed on the road between Wiwili and Pantasma. The contras ignored his pleas for clemency and executed him, his two Nicaraguan nurses (one of whom was pregnant) and 11 of the people with them.

The government department which has suffered the heaviest losses of personnel is the Ministry of Education; 153 teachers have been killed since 1982. Most were young, unpaid volunteers.

Fernando Mentiel Gutierrez, assistant to the Vice Minister of Adult Education, is collecting the biographies of the slaughtered teachers. He spoke of one case in particular, that of Maria Martinez Alvarez. 'She was responsible for visiting teachers and administrators in the area south of Rio Blanco. She was kidnapped by the contra on 18 March 1983. Her body was found two days later. Maria had been raped, her throat was cut and her breasts had been sliced off. She was a second-year high school student.'

There is no organisation systematically documenting these atrocities. The government has neither the time nor the resources for such a task. *Barricada* the government newspaper (there are two other, independent newspapers) reports some but not all such incidents. 'It is impossible for us the report everything,' says the paper's deputy editor Xavier Reyes. 'Sometimes we get the information a very long time after the event. A lot of the atrocities occur in the high mountains. A journalist may have to walk for three or four days to reach the place. When there are cases of torture we do try to get there. We want to illustrate what the contra are. But we don't want to confuse people with this fear and terror. They have suffered so much already. And we are not interested in people fighting for revenge.'

'The police told me my husband was dead. I ran to find his body. He had been beaten all over. He had been stabbed and a cross was carved in his back. His eyes had been pulled out.'

Maria Mejia (above)

FLEEING massacre, torture and kidnapping, more than 100,000 Nicaraguan civilians are now refugees.

The town of Paiwas lies at the extremity of a strip of territory running south from Honduras through the remote, sparsely populated interior of the country. It is an area in which up to 3,000 contra operate. It is a small place of 100 houses and two refugee camps, sheltering more than 300 *campesinos* who have sought safety from a wave of contra atrocity which began in August 1983. It is normally not visited by foreign journalists.

Pablo Dias Cano is from the nearby village of El Guyabo, which was attacked on 2 September 1983. He lost his entire family. 'They killed my three brothers. The first one, they threatened to burn alive . . . instead they shot him. When he was dead, they cut off his head. In desperation, another of my brothers tried to snatch a rifle from one of the contra. They beat him savagely, and then they cut off his head. My other brother was also decapitated.

'They put one of the heads on a post at the edge of the village. They tossed the other two into a ditch. They made four women lie face down in the mud and then they shot them. But only one was killed, my brother's wife, Rosa. She was breastfeeding . . . her baby died later. They raped a 13-year-old girl and then killed her.' Nine people were killed in El Guyabo that day, all of them unarmed civilians.

Christina Lopez walked into the attack. She was on her way to visit her uncle — one of the butchered men — when she met the contra on the trail. Christina was ten years old. She was shot four times, but survived and is now living at the refugee camp with her parents. Nine months later, she was still too upset to talk about the attack.

A North American priest, making his parish rounds on horseback, saw the wounded child three weeks later. He described her as 'dangerously ill'. 'She had been shot at point blank range. It was as though she had been used for target practice. They shot her while she was lying face down in the mud. Once through the back, through her right thigh, the crown of her head and in the hand.'

Christina's father now carries an AK47. Like most of the men in the *hacienda*, he had joined the militia. 'It is just a matter,' he said, 'that the situation demands it. Everybody carries a gun. We have to defend ourselves.'

Felix Mendoza and his twin brother are 13 years old, orphans and the only survivors of a contra attack on the village of El Jirogte on 13 May this year. Felix and his brother survived the attack to be kidnapped, but were left behind in the contra retreat. Their father was killed in a grenade blast and because he was a *miliciano*, says Felix, 'the contra had peeled the skin from his face and his knees.

'There were only four of us still alive in the village. The other two were children. Damian, the son of Justo Soares, was only eight. He was wounded in the leg. The child begged for his life, but the contras said he was worth nothing, because he was wounded and could not walk. They made roll over in the mud and they shot him in the back. The other child was Berfilio Soares. He was six. He was not wounded, but they rolled him over in the mud, face down, and shot him too.'

The CIA cannot claim ignorance of these atrocities or deny them as their current Kanpuchean ally Pol Pot attempted several years ago. The CIA have an extensive intelligence gathering network throughout Nicaragua and in Lanagley, West Virginia, their army of researchers will have read the American, Nicaraguan and Catholic journals where accounts of these atrocities have appeared. More importantly, Spanish-speaking CIA and Special Forces officers have full access to tactical planning and all contra communications at bases in Honduras and Costa Rica.

A recent class action lawsuit naming the Agency and President Reagan charges them 'with having authorized, financed, trained and directed activities' which involve 'torture, murder, kidnapping, mutilation, rape wounding and other injuries.' This is no longer a secret war. □

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Another round

Last weekend, peace movement representatives from a dozen of the countries on the rim of the North Atlantic met in Reykjavic, Iceland. One of their most urgent topics was the US deployment in June of a new generation of cruise missiles, to be launched from submarines and ships. Michael Klare looks at the particular dangers of these new missiles

WITH LITTLE fanfare and but the barest of public debate, the United States has just initiated a deadly new round of the nuclear arms race — perhaps the most dangerous round since intercontinental ballistic missiles were first introduced some 20 years ago.

This new round began in June, with deployment by the Navy of nuclear-tipped 'Tomahawk' cruise missiles on selected US submarines and surface ships. These missiles, each armed with a warhead 16 times more powerful than the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1945, are not covered by any existing arms control agreement and have not been discussed at the START talks in Geneva. Yet they will soon produce a quantum leap in US nuclear firepower and, when matched by Soviet deployments of similar arms, will pose an extraordinary new threat to global stability.

Ships equipped with the new missiles are expected to be deployed in the North Atlantic off the coast of Europe and in the North Pacific, within range of Soviet facilities at Vladivostock and the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Known as sea-launched cruise missiles (SLCMs), these naval Tomahawks are a sea-based version of the ground-launched cruise missiles (GLCMs) now being deployed by the United States in Western Europe. Each nuclear SLCM has a range of 1,500 miles, and carries a warhead with a destructive yield equivalent to 200,000 tons of TNT. The SLCMs can be fired from the torpedo tubes of submarines, or from special cannisters fitted to the decks of surface ships and large submarines.

Under current Pentagon plans, 758 nuclear-armed SLCMs will be divided up among some 150 US submarines, destroyers, and cruisers, plus the four Iowa-class battleships now being refurbished. Another 3,236 conventionally-armed Tomahawks — identical in all other respects to the nuclear SLCMs — will be deployed on many of the same classes of ships. Like the nuclear SLCM, the conventional version is intended for attacks on enemy ports, airfields, and other military installations.

BECAUSE the nuclear and non-nuclear Tomahawks are indistinguishable (except on very close inspection), and since both will be carried by a very wide variety of vessels (none of which has previously been categorized as a nuclear delivery system in US-Soviet arms talks), the SLCM programme has been described by critics as an 'arms control nightmare'. Both sides have so far relied on satellites to verify compliance with nuclear arms control agreements. With Tomahawk, however, such verification will become much more difficult since it is impossible to determine from a distance whether a missile is armed with a nuclear or conventional warhead. To make matters worse, the SLCMs carried in submarine torpedo tubes will be totally invisible to satellite inspection.

These concerns led Senator Charles Mathias of Maryland to stage a last-ditch effort in June to ban SLCM deployments while a new attempt was made to reach agreement with the Soviets — who are testing a nuclear SLCM of their own — on the control or prohibition of such weapons. After a brief debate, the Mathias proposal was defeated and a substitute measure, calling for new negotiations but permitting deployment, was passed unanimously by the Republican-controlled Senate. One week later, the Navy admitted that it had already placed nuclear SLCMs on board four US submarines — prompting Mathias to charge that the Tomahawk programme could 'sound the death knell of arms control'.

In defending the Tomahawk programme, Reagan Administration officials argue that deployment of the missiles will mean that hundreds of US warships have the sme capacity to attack distant enemy shore installations as do carrier-based aircraft. 'The Tomahawk cruise missile program is the cornerstone of our effort to increase and diversify the striking power of the fleet,' Defense Secretary Weinberger noted in his Fiscal 1985 defence report.

Although designed primarily for strikes against Soviet facilities, sea-launched Tomahawks could also be used to supplement carrier strikes in the event of future conflicts in the Third World. This, indeed, is the intended role of the four recommissioned US battleships — each of which will form the core of a 'surface action group' armed with a powerful array of nuclear and non-nuclear SLCMs.

US officials also admit to a third, more controversial function for the nuclear SLCM: to provide a 'strategic reserve' for a nuclear conflict that would persist *beyond* an all-out thermonuclear exchange between the superpowers.

ARGUING that the United States must be able to 'prevail' in a 'protracted' nuclear war, Weinberger called in 1982 for the formation of a reserve nuclear force separate from America's existing nuclear arsenal. Such a reserve, he argued, would enable US forces to 'inflict very high levels of damage' on an adversary 'through a protracted conflict period and afterward'.

In essence, the Weinberger plan would require SLCM-armed warships to continue vaporizing Soviet territory long after all major cities and bases in both countries have been reduced to ashes — leading some Tomahawk critics to charge that all the programme would accomplish would be 'to make the rubble bounce' once World War III was well underway.

Other critics charge that the greatest danger posed by the nuclear SLCMs is not in prolonging World War III, but in starting and expanding it. Ever since the onset of the nuclear age, US leaders have sought to maintain a clear distinction — a 'firebreak' — between conventional and nuclear weapons, and, in the nuclear area itself, between tactical and strategic munitions. By providing a conspicuous dividing line between successive escalatory steps, these firebreaks help prevent automatic escalation from conventional to nuclear conflict, and so from localized to global nuclear combat. Now, with the introduction of naval Tomahawks, the Reagan Administration has succeeded in jeopardizing *both* firebreaks.

The first firebreak, between conventional and nuclear conflict, is threatened by the deployment on numerous ships of both nuclear and non-nuclear SLCMs. Should such vessels sail into the USSR's home waters during a crisis, Soviet leaders would have no way of knowing which type of warheads were aboard — and rather than risk a pre-emptive nuclear strike by US ships against critical military facilities, might assume the worst and order a pre-emptive nuclear strike of their own.

The second firebreak, between tactical and strategic nuclear conflict, is threatened by the Tomahawk's long-range and powerful 200-kiloton warhead. Although the SLCM is viewed by the Pentagon as a 'theatre' nuclear weapon intended for 'tactical' strikes against Soviet ports and military facilities, any nuclear attack on Soviet territory - especially one using a warhead like this in the 'citybuster' class — is likely to be seen as a 'strategic' strike by Soviet authorities and prompt a full-scale nuclear attack against the United States and its allies.

GIVEN THESE consequences — which seem to contradict the official US commitment to deterrence and arms control — it is not surprising that the SLCM programme has generated some disquiet within the Pentagon itself.

'We may tend to see these Tomahawks as tactical weapons,' Lt Paul G. Johnson wrote in a recent issue of *US Naval Institute Proceedings*, 'but our opponents may see them as strategic weapons because of their potential use against (shore) installations and territory.' Hence, 'a miscalculation by one side or a misperception by the other can rapidly lead up the escalation ladder and involve the world in the type of war that everyone dreads and that these weapons are supposed to deter — an intercontinental nuclear exchange'.

Unfortunately, Johnson's superiors in the Navy Department do not share these concerns. The Reagan Administration now plans to spend $15 billion on nuclear and conventional

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variants of the SLCM, and to deploy the missiles on more and more classes of ships. Nor does Congress appear inclined to pursue the matter, especially now that deployment of the nuclear Tomahawk is well under way. Even the anti-nuclear movement, which has vigorously protested procurement of the M-X missile and Trident submarine, has not campaigned so vociferously around the SLCM programme. Unless some powerful new voices emerge to pierce the blanket of silence, therefore, the world will soon be besieged by a whole new class of provocative, deadly nuclear weapons. □

For more information on the North Atlantic Network, contact END, Southbank House, London SE1.

INDIA

Slave labour

India's bonded workers have organised themselves at last, reports Lucy Mathen

THE LOT of India's most downtrodden people — an estimated five million bonded labourers — is being slowly improved thanks to the formation of a union which is beginning to succeed where the government, press and judiciary have failed.

The Bondhua Mukti Morcha (Bonded Liberation Front), was set up four years ago to try to highlight the exploitation of some 10,000 bonded labourers working in the stone quarries of Faridabad district, an hour's drive from the capital of New Delhi. A Hindu monk, Swami Agnivesh who helped form the union, is its chairperson.

The union has many dedicated activists from the ranks of the illiterate labourers themselves, from every part of the country in which bonded labour exists. Ten thousand men and women attended the National Convention of Bonded Labourers, held in the Spring.

Bonded Labour is the term used in India for those who, through a series of circumstances involving prejudice, poverty and exploitation, end up as virtual slaves. They are mostly 'harijans' or 'untouchables' (the lowest of the low in the Hindu caste system which is an hereditary division of labour) and have no land, jobs or prospect of work in their native villages. They are easy prey for unscrupulous middlemen known as 'jamadars' who lure them with offers of high wages for working in the stone quarries in districts like Faridabad. The jamadars even offer them cash advances to be paid back when they get their wages.

On arriving at the quarries, however, the villagers are forced to incur further debts to the middlemen before they can start work — to build their homes, to buy drilling equipment and to feed and clothe themselves. Having started work, a member of the family is likely to be injured in the very first week, so common are serious accidents in the highly dangerous working conditions at the quarries. This means the added expense of medical treatment — once again financed by a loan from the ever willing jamadars.

In this way, a family can go on toiling 12 hours a day in the hot sun for years, sometimes generations, in the belief that they are paying off debts. Being illiterate, they cannot keep track of the sums involved and the interest the jamadars say they are charging. They remain bonded to the jamadars and the quarry owners, living on a few rupees a month.

ANY MARGINAL improvements to this appalling lifestyle have been the result not of government intervention — they have failed to implement the Bonded Labour System (Abolition) Act passed during the emergency in 1976 — but of organisation by the slaves themselves. At first their Bonded Liberation Front concentrated on direct action. They drove trucks to the quarries, informed the labourers of their rights, and helped those who wished to escape to board the vehicles with their meagre belongings. The freed labourers were then brought to New Delhi where they told their story to the press.

The trouble with these rescue missions, however, was that once the publicity had died down, it was not always possible to rehabilitate the freed labourers in jobs where they could get regular wages. And there was little point in sending them back to their native villages unless land or jobs could be provided there.

Deciding to stop the rescue missions unless they heard of desperate cases, the union began to apply pressure on the State government. At that time, Swami Agnivesh was a member of the Haryana State Legislative Assembly and raised the issue there. The only reaction, however, was ridicule from Haryana State Chief Minister, Bhajan Lal, who claimed there wasn't a single bonded labourer in his area. In fact, claims Agnivesh, the Chief Minister himself owns some of the largest quarries where bonded labourers are exploited.

Lucy Mathen

Laws and the government did not help bonded quarry workers

Changing their arena to the judiciary, the union filed writ petitions in the Supreme Court of New Delhi, the highest court in India. There were several positive judgments which resulted in the release of hundreds of bonded labourers and a great fanfare was made about sending them back to their native villages. No rehabilitation, however, was provided, so the families were back to square one.

In December last year, the Supreme Court came up with an historic judgment. It redefined more clearly the definition of bonded labour. There followed the most thorough enquiry yet, carried out by a senior civil servant, Mr Laxmi Dhar Mishra, director general in the Labour Welfare Department, who spent a whole week at the stone quarries in Faridabad district recording in detail the individual stories of 295 men and women and the conditions in which they lived and worked. He also concluded that a total of 10,000 labourers were living and working there in violation of all kinds of laws. 'Trafficking' in human beings, which is prohibited in the constitution and under the law is in existence on a large scale,' he reported.

Mr Mishra also noted that although the jamadars were officially told to give their statements to him to include in the report, only one bothered to turn up. As for the rich quarry owners, he wrote: 'They live in splendid isolation, being totally unaware of what is happening in the field . . . completely unconcerned with the life of workers who give every drop of their blood so that the mining activity may thrive and prosper.'

BUT INDIA'S bonded labourers are no longer willing to give their all to a highly prosperous industry that could well afford to pay them at least the country's minimum wage of 13 rupees a day (about 75 pence). They are now reverting back to direct action, although of a different kind from the original rescue missions.

Perhaps the best way to illustrate their success so far is to describe two different communities within the quarries at Faridabad. In the first, the Bonded Liberation Front has solid membership and one of the huts is used as the official office. Members of the press can visit this office without fear that they stand any risk of being attacked by the 'goondas' or thugs sent by the owners and middlemen, as was the case four years ago; nor is there the risk that the labourers will be beaten up or molested for bringing in a journalist. Large earthen pots stand in the shade full of cool drinking water which is regularly supplied to the community. (In compliance with a Supreme Court ruling, all labourers should be supplied with clean drinking water, but this does not normally happen.)

In the second community men, women and children live in tiny, low-roofed huts made from bamboo and stones brought from the quarry. There is a thick layer of dust from the nearby stone crushers over the entire area -- and no water supply close by. During the summer months malaria is rampant and many suffer from dust-related diseases. The labourers here are frequently harassed and beaten up and are frightened to talk to strangers. Workers injured in quarry accidents have been known to lie for weeks without proper treatment. □

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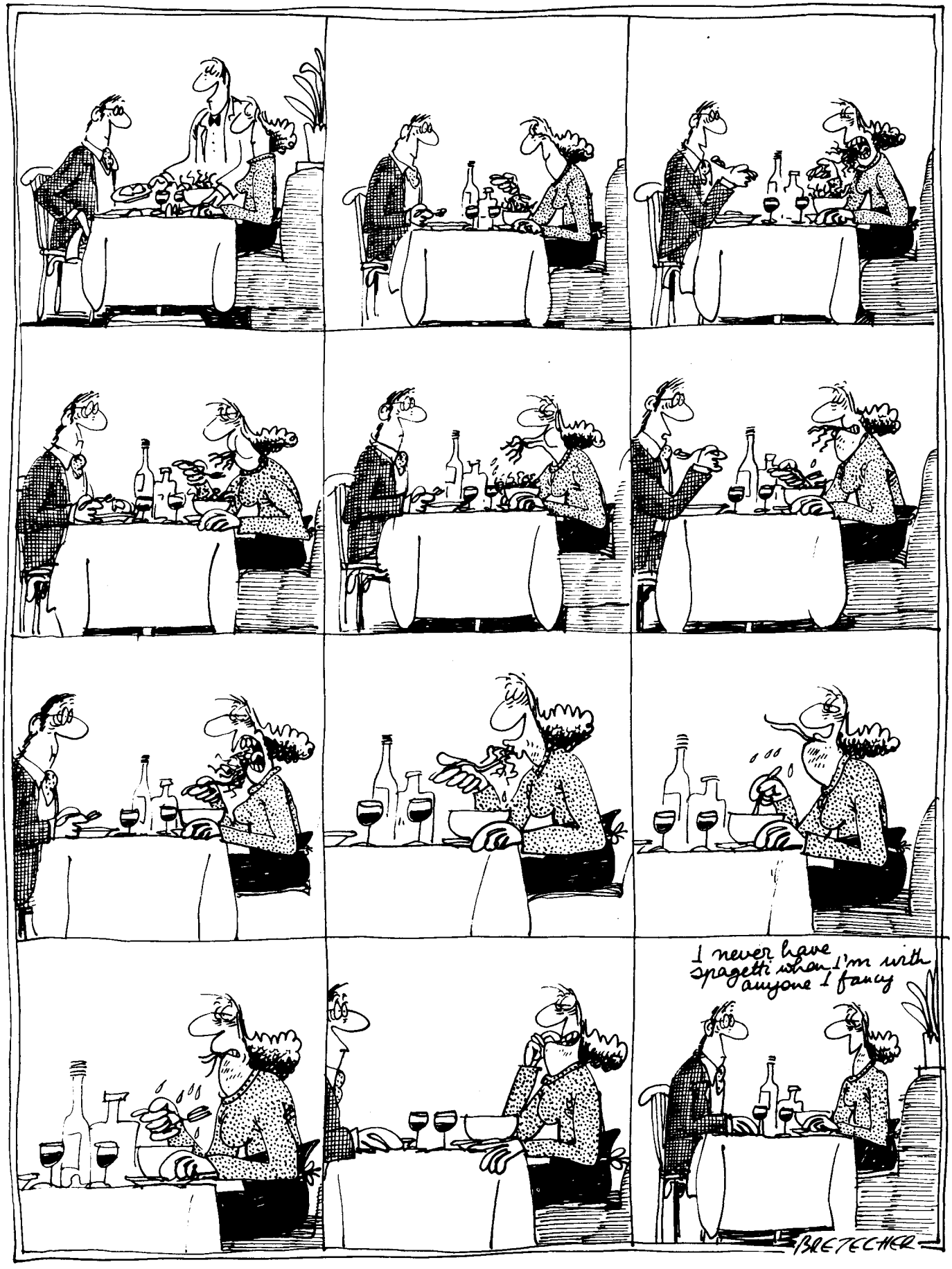
BRETECHER

THE FOOD OF LOVE



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LETTERS

The Belgrano. . .

Monty Rockovitch, London E11

While credit is due to the *New Statesman* for throwing some light (24 August) on the continuing mystery of the Falklands War, there is at least one major error in your leader 'Why the Belgrano Papers matter'. You say that 'In order to achieve its objective (a secret 'strategy of all-out war') the government handed over the direction of the conflict to competing armed service interests, while maintaining the opposite was the case', and '. . .in April-May 1982 all the armed forces in the Falklands, anxious to prove the worth of their section, were spoiling to move without political restraints. . .'

This accusation is not true as regards the army. Max Hastings and Simon Jenkins in *The Battle for the Falklands* say (p.230) that Brigadier Thompson was exposed to relentless pressure by the government to move forward as soon as he landed at San Carlos, and that no senior officer in the early days of the landing believed that he could have moved before he did.

The Battle for the Falklands is not the only book to emphasise this point. Though the situation cannot be summarised in a letter, it may, for example, be added that the Battle of Goose Green, militarily pointless, won by the 2nd Para (part of Thompson's large brigade group), was part of a political decision to present this country with an obvious and quick success.

I suggest that to ensure and maintain credibility you should not only be concerned with attacking the Thatcher government, you ought to have regard to, not merely to assume the existence of, facts you consider relevant. May I add that I have no party allegiance and consider the British government's insistence on a war against Argentina unjustified, and that Mrs Thatcher's exultation in military victory was contemptible; if indeed there is not some explanation in terms of her personality at the time.

Home improvement grants

Roger Matthews, Shelter, London SE1

Christian Wolmar, in his article on the expected White Paper on housing improvement (*NS* 24 August), repeats the claim, to be often heard these days, that the present improvement grant system is badly targeted, with money going to 'affluent people in good housing'. For a government apparently intent on the introduction of means-tests for improvement grants, it is very convenient that this idea is so widely circulated. The more people believe it, the easier the introduction of means-tests will be.

There is, however, little evidence that the claim is true. Certainly, as recently as February, Department of the Environment officials were arguing that the present system is well targeted. They told the House of Commons Committee of Public Accounts that, in 1981, 80 per cent of grants had helped to install basic amenities, while around three quarters of grants went to properties built before 1919 with low rateable values — the category of housing which has been identified as the most unsatisfactory. As far as the houses are concerned, then, the present system seems to work quite well.

On the question of the incomes of grant recipients, it is known that those receiving grants tend to have higher incomes than those who would be eligible for grants but do not apply. But this does not necessarily mean the well-off are grabbing the money. The 1981 English House Condition Survey reported that three quarters of those taking up grants had incomes over £3,381 a year — but as this was roughly half average male annual earnings of the time, it hardly provides proof that grants are being taken up exclusively by the 'affluent'.

This survey in fact pointed to quite a different problem. Many low income households living in poor conditions could not afford to take up a grant, as they would be unable to find the money needed for the householder's contribution. Means-testing would not encourage the take-up of grants by such households: it would merely save the government money.

The article also describes the grant system as 'a recipe for shoddy work'. There would seem to be no truth in this at all. If the grant system can make any claim, it is that it requires householders to carry out necessary remedial works and it checks standards.

Totems and taboos

Miss P. A. Gibson, London SW15

I welcomed Piers Brendon's excellent article 'Totem and Taboo' (*NS* 17 August). The voice of Republicanism may have been almost extinguished in Britain, but those who hold Republican views have contributed to this happening.

No one expects Republicans to try to abolish the monarchy at a time when most people want to keep it (or have been brainwashed into accepting it without question). What can reasonably be expected of them is that they should publicly make the Republican case and challenge the idea that criticism of the monarchy amounts to blasphemy.

There are many people available to put the case for the monarchy. There are far fewer to put the case for Republicanism and this places a special duty on public figures who hold such views to make sure that this minority viewpoint is freely expressed. Not only have they, with a few honourable exceptions, made little effort to do so, but they have gone completely in the opposite direction and given positive support to the monarchy thereby helping to reinforce it and silence criticism of it.

Faced with opposition, Republicanism is the first thing they are prepared to sacrifice, on the grounds that it is unimportant. The third page of Piers Brendon's article shows on the contrary just how important it is.

James Page, London W13

The disturbing factor about your article on the Monarchy is that it reveals how little the author understands the institution.

As the late Professor Tibor Szamuely observed: 'It is not just an accident that the best governed countries of the world are monarchies — it is a better form of government.' One only has to consider the freedom and high standard of living enjoyed by the Scandinavian monarchies, the Low Countries, Great Britain, and the principalities of Liechtenstein, Monaco and Luxembourg as compared with the old republics of South America and the new republics of Africa, to see that this is so. The fact is that most republics become dictatorships of varying degrees of unpleasantness very quickly.

Mr Brendon assumes that a republican form of government would be cheaper, implying that the money spent on the Monarchy would be saved. This is a red herring. All countries have to have a head of state and all heads of state have to be paid. Moreover, the organisation of presidential courts is notoriously more inefficient and expensive than that of monarchical courts. There is also another point — and this is one on which republicans keep very quiet: in a republic the public, in addition, have to bear the enormous and ever increasing cost of presidential elections.

It has been said that nations sometimes fail through failing to appreciate the greatness of the institutions they have evolved. Since the turn of the century discoveries in psychology and anthropology have given completely new insights into the significance of Monarchy. What is most urgently needed now is study in depth to enable us to make better use of the tremendous potential of this institution, particularly in regard to resolving the crisis of authority that bedevils so many countries in the third world.

YTS: the facts

Quentin McDermott, London SE11

I'm sorry that G.T. Kingsley (Letters 24 August) was 'irritated' by my article detailing the deaths of four young men and women on the Youth Training Scheme, and by the fact that a follow-up report on a fifth death 'threatens to become a series'.

The deaths are already an unhappy series, but it was *not* my intention to use them 'as a stick to beat the scheme', or to imply, as a generality, that 'YTS is dangerous', and, as Kingsley correctly acknowledges, it was never stated as such. They do, however, raise serious questions about the MSC's attitude to health and safety. The important issue (in my view) is not whether youngsters are statistically less likely to die in YTS than in employment (or unemployment), or whether those involved in running YTS activities 'have had to pay some attention to safety — among other things' in getting approval for schemes, but whether *enough* close attention is paid to trainees' safety.

Strenuous efforts *were* made, in compiling the articles, to acquire comparative figures on deaths and injuries of young people in employment. But, as the MSC itself acknowledges, and as 'Dying for a job' (*NS* 27 July) indicated, the only reliable research so far carried out in this area (by Aston University) is inconclusive, because of differences in the ways accidents are recorded by the MSC and the Health and Safety Executive; and, more importantly, because the HSE's own figures are not compiled on an age-related basis.

It is of course statistically quite possible that deaths 'are less likely on MSC schemes than in other contexts'. But tell that to the parents of the 24 youngsters who have died since April 1980.

Suing the police

John Harrison, Paddington Advice & Law Centre, 439/441 Harrow Road, London W10

I am carrying out a research project into civil litigation against the police. I should be most interested to hear from anyone who has sued the police, successfully or otherwise, for false imprisonment, malicious prosecution, assault or trespass. Any information given to me will be treated in the strictest confidence.

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John Lucas

A matter of rhythm

The Full Note
LORINE NIEDECKER *Interim Press* £4.25
Scaffolding: New and Selected Poems
JANE COOPER *Anvil Press* £4.95
The Writings of Anna Wickham: Free Woman and Poet
ed. R.D. SMITH *Virago* £6.50
Shadow Lands: Selected Poems
JOHANNES BOBROWSKI
trans. RUTH & MATTHEW MEAD *Anvil Press* £10

Lorine Niedecker, who was born in 1903 and who died in 1970, does not seem to have been much worried about her identity as woman and poet. '*No* flood this spring, very unnatural,' she wrote to Cid Corman in a letter included in **The Full Note**, a compilation of letters to and from her, essays about her and all too few poems by her. Then she adds: 'Unnatural, also, my immanent [sic] marriage. At sixty one does foolish things. I hope I'm happy! He's my connection with life.' Whatever she may have meant by that last remark, it feels to have little connection with her poetry. For her responsiveness to the world around her is unimpeded by any consideration of herself as wife. Perhaps this is because her poetry is characteristically empty of immediate human reference. True, she writes about floods and breaking waters, but these things enter her poetry as evidence of natural phenomena not as metaphors of female sexuality.

Niedecker is rather like Anne Finch in her exact alertness to the natural world and in savouring ways of voicing that alertness. In 'Wintergreen Ridge' she adopts Williams's famous triadic foot so as to have a carefully paced means of uttering her delighted 'wonder' (a word she frequently uses) at the sounds words make, the rhythms they establish when judiciously ordered. Still, it can move dangerously close to self-parody: 'There the light / pissed past / the pistillate cone.' Moments such as this draw attention to the problem Donald Davie touches on in his acute essay about her when, having invoked Sidney's dictum about poetry being superior to history, he goes on: 'A European reader of Lorine Niedecker may reflect spitefully, and yet to some purpose, that for a poet of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, Sidney's dictum would be readily palatable since in Wisconsin there is so little history for poetry to be superior to.' It's the absence of history (and of humans within history) that perhaps explains Charles Tomlinson's slightly breathless praise for her. Speaking of Ed Dorn's introduction to one of her volumes, Tomlinson says that it is 'written in a dense prose, the pondering of which repays', and it is certainly true that the majority of contibutors to this collection favour a prose style that is more than halfway up the Black Mountain. (Davie and Keith Bosley are honourable exceptions.)

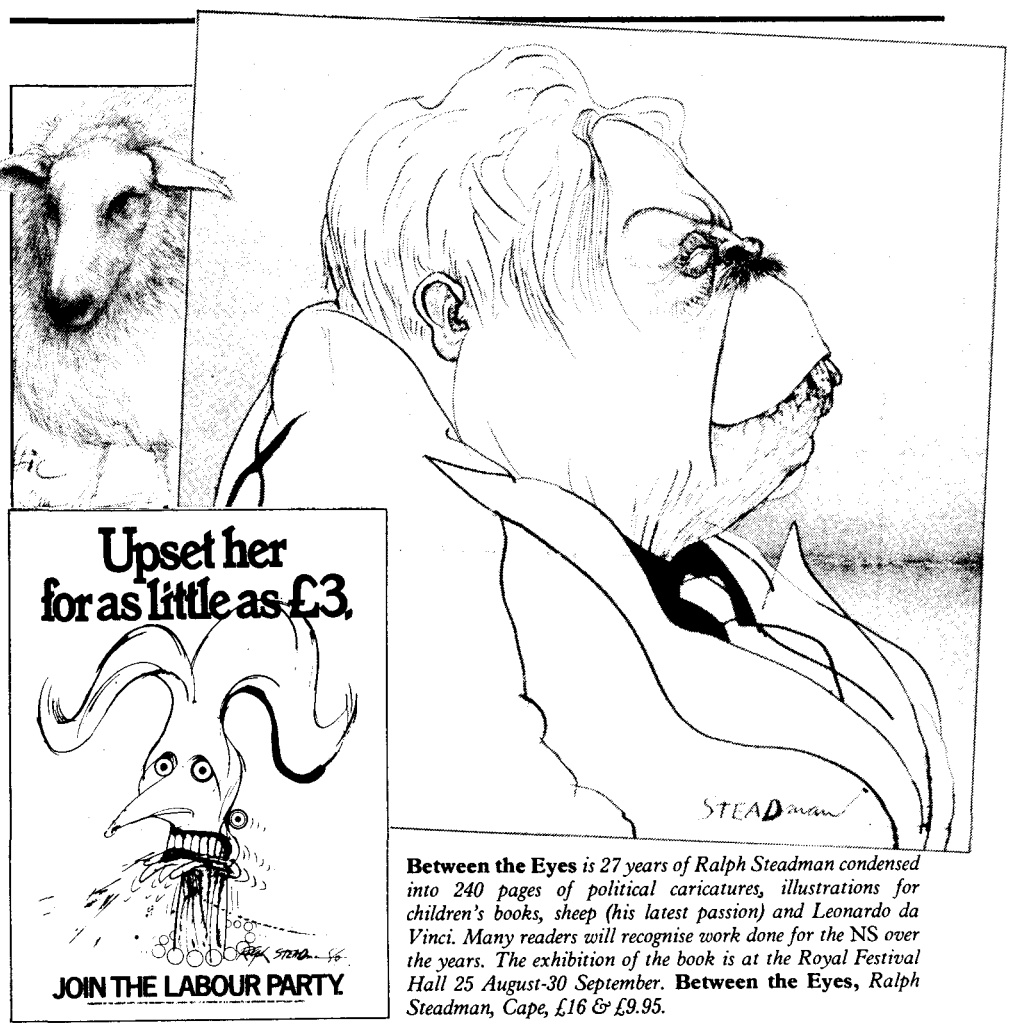
Yet none of this should take away from Niedecker's achievement, which is above all a matter of rhythm: limpid, full of surprises and delights for the inner ear, very much in the American grain. (Denis Levertov and Robert Creeley come to mind.) She was a true poet and it's to be hoped that *The Full Note* brings her the attention that she deserves.

In contrast with Lorine Niedecker, Jane Cooper is very much preoccupied with the problems of being a woman and a poet. After some early poems, **Scaffolding** has a long prose account of how she began to write poetry and why she stopped. Recalling her undergraduate days, Cooper says that

> I knew a number of men who wrote but no women. Work by women was still only sparsely represented in contemporary poetry anthologies. Now that I have a number of men friends who are poets, it's hard to recall the particular kind of isolation I felt in my writing or my almost beleaguered self-questioning.

Self-questioning is, in fact, the stuff of much of her poetry. So she begins a poem called 'Waiting' with the lines: 'My body knows it will never bear children. / What can I say to my body now, / this used violin? / Every night it cries out strenuously / from its secret-cave.' And she ends: 'But suppose you are an empty box? / Suppose you are like that famous wooden music hall in Troy, New York, / waiting to be torn down / where the orchestras love to play? // Let compassion breathe in and out of you / filling you, singing.' I think I can understand the pain that is in these lines; but they seem to me insufficiently interested in being part of a poem. The wooden music hall in Troy is a nicely exploitable fancy, but is ruined by the reference to those orchestras, which is pure Mills and Boon. (The suggestion that women's bodies are sleeping instruments waiting for a skilled musician to touch them into life isn't exactly the stuff of feminism.) In addition, the poem's last two lines abandon any connection with the prevailing imagery in order to create a note of moral uplift of which Mr Chadband would have been proud.

A major difficulty for Cooper seems to be that she is so ready to offer pity to women (including herself) that she simply misunderstands or won't allow for other qualities, not least heroism. She says that she wrote 'Long View From the Suburbs' because 'at least partly, I was trying to invent how it might feel to be the



Between the Eyes *is 27 years of Ralph Steadman condensed into 240 pages of political caricatures, illustrations for children's books, sheep (his latest passion) and Leonardo da Vinci. Many readers will recognise work done for the* NS *over the years. The exhibition of the book is at the Royal Festival Hall 25 August-30 September.* **Between the Eyes,** *Ralph Steadman, Cape, £16 & £9.95.*

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old Maud Gonne'. The poem ends:

> Do you know, young man,
> Do they teach you in biographies
> How it feels to open like a city
> At the caress of darkness, then sickening
> To walk about alone
> Until a streetlamp yawns in reckoning?

The implication is that Maud was left on her own, heart-sick and vulnerable, while Yeats got on with his famous poem to her. But any biography would have taught Jane Cooper that that was not how it was at all. To take pity on Maud Gonne is entirely to misunderstand the nature of her relationship with Yeats. More important, it is to squander the chance to honour that extraordinary woman's indomitable courage and gaiety.

Still, Jane Cooper undoubtedly works hard at her poems. Anna Wickham seems never to have bothered, or to have thought it necessary. To be fair, she did not make great claims for herself, and would probably have been embarrassed by the title of **Free Woman and Poet**. Although she wrote a piece of doggerel to one of her sons, 'Letter to a Boy at School', in which she says that 'I write better than I cook', she is presumably sharing a joke with him about the badness of her cooking. In 'Self-Analysis' she honestly admits that 'The tumult of my fretted mind / Gives me expression of a kind; / But it is faulty, harsh, not plain — / My work has the incompetence of pain.' That, of course, comes near to competence, at least in the way the last line breaks free of those plonking tetrameters. But this is the first stanza of a poem which gets decidedly worse as it goes on.

And how it, and she, do go on. There are occasional good phrases, even whole lines; but Wickham's poetry is for the most part appallingly amateurish. Her life was probably worth writing about, although R.D. Smith makes a poor job of it. She wanted to be free to lead a life independent of the conventional demands made by her clever, oppressive husband. She had a hard time of it and yet until her suicide she coped with setbacks and difficulties remarkably well. She was active in feminist matters and she clearly commanded and deserved much respect. But not as a writer. I cannot see that this flabby volume will do much for her reputation.

Praise to the end, though, for Anvil's publication of **Shadow Lands**. Even in translations which, though they often read very well, cannot be the real thing, you can sense what the real thing must be like, and you know that Bobrowski is a major poet. There's an unfakeable, rapt intensity about the best of these poems. History presses in on them, tragic, peremptory, and is turned into the proper eloquence of poetry. Here, in its entirety, is 'Names For the Persecuted'.

> He who enters
> repeats in the curtained window
> the names that I give him,
> names of birds and the name of the preying eel.
>
> *gerwe* he says
> like a crane's feather stroking the air,
> *angurys* like a shadow approaching
> under the water.
>
> In the end I give him
> the name 'Eldertree', the name
> of the inaudible, which
> is ripe
> and stands full of blood. □

ECONOMICS
Maurice Peston

New management

The Democratic Economy
GEOFFREY HODGSON *Penguin* £3.50

The British economy is in a terrible mess. This can be seen most clearly in macroeconomic terms by considering the present and likely future levels of unemployment. Economists who would regard themselves as reasonably progressive, and who would claim on academic grounds to be taken seriously, write as if an unemployment rate of 9.5 is to be called full employment. Moreover, only on the basis of what they regard as an optimistic set of policies and after several years can that position be reached. At the same time the government, having been largely instrumental in creating that unemployment, portrays an inflation rate of 5% as a major achievement. Twenty years ago such a rate of increase of prices was compatible with the number of unemployed not being much above half a million, and was also regarded as dangerously high. Lastly, we are asked to believe that an annual rate of rise of output of 3% is to be interpreted as not merely a sign of recovery, but indicative of boom conditions that would be too risky to exceed.

The decline in the criteria by which we judge our economic performance is equalled only by a similar decline in the way we are asked to judge the England football team. In each case the pessimism is unnecessary. In each case we could actually do better under the existing management. More to the point we could certainly do better with a change of management.

Sticking to economics, and leaving football to another occasion, it is important to realise the extent to which Mrs Thatcher's government has actually bungled its monetarism and, indeed, continues to do so. Their misunderstanding of the problem of controlling public expenditure, and especially of public sector pay, a naive view of the domestic monetary system and considerable misjudgment of international finance have combined to give monetarism an even worse name than it deserves.

What is also interesting is the damage they have done at the microeconomic level and especially, of course, to small businesses. That in turn should remind us of how important microeconomic issues will be for a future Labour government. In particular, the question must be asked whether a major contribution can be made by the encouragement of new institutional forms, and changes in the way decisions are taken in firms of all kinds.

This is what Geoffrey Hodgson concerns himself with, and, if one ignores the general Marxist gibberish which pervades the first part of his book, he has some useful things to say on the subject. (Certainly, his book is to be recommended. I must also grudgingly accept that, for some, its Marxism and the fact that it bears no recognisable relationship to mainstream economics will be its best parts!) In particular, he raises the question of why democracy is to be confined to the political sphere and is deemed inappropriate in the economic. Why, indeed, is the electoral process confined as narrowly as it is, and what would be the consequences of extending it?

Now, in considering all that, an important distinction has to be made about the nature of democracy. On the one hand, it means a parliamentary system such as we have in this country, organised around political parties and based on political conflict. On the other hand, it may mean much more than that with the people themselves being directly involved in decision making. In terms of the enterprise, corresponding to the former would be some degree of worker election to management and management being accountable to workers as well as to shareholders. In the latter case the workers would participate in management, both strategically to lay down objectives and plans, and tactically in taking day-to-day decisions.

My own view follows Hodgson's, namely an extension of democracy to the economy is highly desirable. It is to be hoped that the next Labour government will encourage the emergence of new democratic economic institutions, and will give them some real support rather than leave them to sink or swim on their own. (In this connection, it must, of course, be recognised that some will fail. It should be noted that we are usually not asked to believe that market capitalism has failed because firms go bankrupt each day. Not all cooperatives and similar new arrangements will succeed, especially in the early experimental days. But that is no reason to be discouraged.)

Having said that, I have some additional points to make. Hodgson is right that worker participation in some cases will raise productivity. Given the inefficiency of so much private enterprise, it could hardly do otherwise. But, in other cases, workers' desire to exercise more control of their lives may be costly. This will have consequences for their real incomes which they must recognise. Beyond that we have the usual business of power implying responsibility. Those who take decisions must bear some degree of responsibility for these outcomes. It is difficult to see how worker participation can proceed without worker acceptance of risks.

That leads on to the broader question of sources of capital and the emergence of new enterprise. One view, which I would regard as hopelessly inefficient and undemocratic, would make the state the only source of capital. It would be a kind of pure socialism, and my prediction is that within it the participatory and devolved elements would rapidly disappear. The alternative is the mixed economy which has always dominated the Labour Party's economic policy making. It is a market system which Hodgson favours, but it is also a system which operates within a context of central, regional and local planning. Both private and public enterprise would remain, but there would also be many hybrids, and public enterprise would certainly not be confined to the monolithic nationalised industry.

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Competition would continue, but there would also be regulation. Hodgson is entirely correct in emphasising that this must be social and in the public domain.

He is also aware that a great deal of what a future Labour government needs to do must actually be done centrally by that government and cannot be devolved. That is obviously the case with macroeconomic policy and defence, but it is also true of the reforms required in education and training and in the NHS.

There is, therefore, one last point to be made. The extension of democracy is a dangerous thing. If people, whether in their jobs, or schools or the health service or even the courts, are given greater control of their lives, they will do surprising things. It cannot be assumed that what they decide will always be 'progressive', or necessarily more pleasing to the politicians of the Left than of the Right. That is how it should be, but it is important to be clear about that at the outset and not attack the 'reactionary' workers or parents *ex post facto*. □

POETRY — 2
Jon Cook

New found land

Venus and the Rain
MEDBH MCGUCKIAN *Oxford* £4.50

Venus and the Rain may confirm Medbh McGuckian's reputation as an obscure and esoteric writer. The temptation is to call the poems 'mysterious' and 'erotic' and then use admiration as a form of neglect.

Yet their difficulty is not simply intransigence. The poems possess qualities which connect them to established strengths and traditions and one of those is a daring, metaphysical intelligence which is evident, for example, in the first poem in this collection, 'Venus and the Sun'. Here, the voice of Venus, which recurs in this collection, is transposed from classical mythology into a post-Newtonian universe. McGuckian gives voice to the planet, Venus, held in the gravity of the solar system which is also a world of reversible time and space. Vast processes are captured in lyric lines:

> The scented flames of the sun throw me
> Telling me how to move — I tell them
> How to bend the light of shifting stars.

The poem ends in an ironic reversal: caught in the world of science, Venus recalls with nostalgia an earlier mythic event in her history, the love affair with Mars. The poem moves out of a mythic frame into a scientific one, only to recombine the two in a way that can recall the capacity of Donne or Empson to make poetry out of scientific theory. Like them, too, the grand scale described in the poem is played off against a deflationary, humanising tone: Venus has grown weary of her place in the universe and yearns for an alternative. The poem becomes an allegory of entrapment.

It is part of the cultural density of these poems that they echo earlier modes. This can be a matter of revisiting traditional poetic sites, as in 'To the Nightingale', or of a less assertive repetition as when Keats, again, is echoed in the personification of Autumn which begins the poem 'For the Previous Owner'. Wallace Stevens is here, too: McGuckian shares his concern with the relations between real and imaginary worlds, notably in 'The Sitting' which questions whether imagination brings out a potential in the subject or simply imposes a fantasy upon it. There is, as well, a shared delight in poetic invention for its own sake: what Stevens called the 'gorgeous nonsense' of poetry, its capacity for extravagant connections and the creation of a pleasurable language.

But McGuckian's poems are not slaves to precedent. What they echo they also transform and in a way that begins to suggest something of their originality. The poems are everywhere informed by the subject of womanhood. The subject is realised in a way that is complex, richly textured and differentiated. It can be a matter of restoring mythic voices: Venus or the Moon, for example, no longer seen as the mutually exclusive symbols of female lust or chastity but as different phases of identity within the rhythm of a single life. Or it's to do with a knowledge won from experience and given direct and eloquent utterance:

> What they ask of women is less their bed
> Or an hour between two trains, than to be almost gone
> Like the moon that turns her pages day by day

The meaning of these lines from 'Ode to a Poetess' are carefully turned away by the simile from a simple statement of oppression — for men the identity of woman is to have scarcely any at all — into a speculation about an elusive strength: the moon persists in its changes; it is still there when it seems to have disappeared.

McGuckian's language is charged by a knowledge of sexual difference and, although this knowledge can be held in a political perspective, as in the lines quoted from 'Ode to a Poetess', hers is not a writing fearful of desire. A number of the poems engage quite remarkably with heterosexual love. Masculine desire and its effects are framed by the poet's invention, as in these lines from 'Rowing':

> Your body renovates me like an artisan,
> A goldsmith, none too delicate, despite
> Its strength of loving that with one blow
> Might start a blizzard . . .

These lines might seem, taken out of context, to be caught in a conventional language about the submissiveness of female sexuality, but, in the poem, they are embraced by a larger fantasy in which the power of male desire is an episode, not an obsessive focus. The cumulative effect of McGuckian's writing in *Venus and the Rain* is to give the sense of a highly wrought and expanding imaginative world which can give symbolic expression to intimate physical experience without falling prey to the conventions of pornography. The boldness of the writing carries with it certain risks, most notably of a lapse into a merely mannered style, but the book as a whole gives notice of a considerable achievement in the making. □

POLAND
Gary Mead

On the streets

A Warsaw Diary, 1978-1981
KAZIMIERZ BRANDYS *Chatto* £9.95 & £4.95
The Heart of Europe: A Short History of Poland
NORMAN DAVIES *Oxford* £17.50

These books illustrate two basically opposed ways of writing history. Brandys' *Diary* has been described to me by emigré Poles as intellectually snobbish, élitist even, but that opinion is wide of the mark. For Poles who know the ins and outs of Warsaw's tiny cultural cliques, no doubt the *Diary* may appear gossipy but there is an enormous pleasure to be had from reading it. Brandys has written a fine example of subjective history.

Norman Davies has done more than any other living British historian to guide us through Poland's messy history. His latest book is a substantially re-worked and condensed version of his massive two-volume history that appeared in 1982. It's an excellent example of British historical writing — unemotional, careful narrative with the occasional perverse opinion. It's written in his usual elegantly witty manner and, although Polish history is a notorious minefield, Davies will get shot at by only the most pedantic.

But if I had to choose between the two in the search for something that gives a real feeling of today's Poland, then Brandys' *Diary* wins hands down. According to the cover, anyone discovered to possess the *Diary* in Poland is liable for up to 10 years' jail. For once, the Polish regime has got something right. It realises that the *Diary* challenges its slender control.

Brandys writes more in order to understand than to explain or lecture. From the most trivial incident, such as buying a newspaper or meeting a stranger on the street, he develops a complex picture of the underlying nature of contemporary Poland. Most books on Poland that have recently appeared in English seem as though they were written with the judgments already formulated but not so with Brandys. He could easily have written a sentimentalising and comforting tract on what wonderful transformations came about through Solidarity, but he's too honest a thinker to drop his pessimism simply to please his readers.

Thinker is what, after all, he is, casually dropping into philosophical reflections as often as into impressionistic observations of daily routine. The reflections flatter no one: not the regime, not the opposition, not the supposedly concerned West. Naturally he works over the regime with mastery. He compares party speeches with those he heard from the Third Reich; he speaks of the 'totalitarianised minds' of the mass of Poles, arguing that most have become accustomed to thinking of today's

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reality as the only one possible; and he points out that 'the police' are not merely an instrument of repression but a philosophical principle, based on the assumption that humanity is naturally evil and therefore easily malleable. There's justice in all these claims.

He will also offend many Poles who piously believe themselves to have impeccable oppositionist credentials, particularly all those belonging to that monstrosity 'True Poland'. This is the amorphous alliance bracketing nationalism with Catholicism and anti-Russianism. Brandys singularly fails to praise the Catholic Church. Brandys even reminds us that Solidarity had its moments of shame, notably when the Szczecin leader, Marian Jurczyk, said that all party leaders were traitors deserving hanging and that in any case most of them were Jews who had changed their surnames.

Brandys is a secular and rather isolated thinker, uninterested in pandering to any mass notions. Many of his Western readers will foam at the mouth when they see what he has to say about their cultures. He claims that generally we have become confused as to what are the most important values. He suggests that we panic every time another minority demands its rights, while larger corruptions go unseen and uncared for. We are both parochial and self-obsessed.

The finishing touch to Brandys' *Diary* is itself indicative, inadvertently, of how the West regards Poland as a commodity rather than anything else. A publisher's error — originating in the American issue, pointed out to Chatto before they published the British version but nevertheless repeated — has martial law being imposed in December 1982 as opposed to the correct date, December 1981. A small thing perhaps, but shoddy all the same. □

FICTION
Richard Deveson

Nature studies

The Feud
THOMAS BERGER *Methuen* £2.95
Foggage
PATRICK MCGINLEY *Cape* £8.95
The Bodysurfers
ROBERT DREWE *Faber* £2.95
Voices in an Empty Room
FRANCIS KING *Hutchinson* £8.95

'A feud,' Huckleberry Finn learns when he gets mixed up with the Grangerfords and Shepherdsons, 'is this way: A man has a quarrel with another man; and he kills him; then the other man's brother kills *him*; then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the *cousins* chip in — and by and by everybody's killed off, and there ain't no more feud.'

I wonder whether Thomas Berger hasn't been remembering Mark Twain. Dolf Beeler comes over to Millville from Hornbeck to buy some paint remover in Bud Bullard's hardware store. Within a page, an argument has started; soon afterwards, Cousin Reverton chips in, the hardware store burns down, the Beelers' car blows up, the stage is littered with bodies, the younger generation of Beelers and Bullards makes abortive tries at crossing the familial picket lines, until, by the end, nobody knows (to quote Huck's informant again) 'what the row was about in the first place'.

The episode from *Huckleberry Finn* is a sort of black idyll, a set-piece satire on the ante-bellum South. **The Feud**, for all its farcical mayhem, is a gentler idyll, a set-piece satire on the Middle America of an almost dateless 1930s. With beautifully offhand humour and a mastery of idiolect and domestic detail, Berger brings alive a world of obtuse, upright fathers, mothers in the kitchen, sons who dutifully perform their household chores, large-looming policemen. The book creates an oddly appealing sense of wholesomeness despite — or, rather, precisely by — turning this idyll-world upside down.

Only the two young Beeler brothers are left just about untouched by the feud. Though very different from one another (one is beefy and athletic, the other bookish), they get on well together. Seen through the eyes of the younger son, Jack, the battles of the affronted grown men seem (as they are) absurd; indeed, everyone else is variously sordid or corrupted or benighted or grotesque or crazy. Jack's survival of all this chaos becomes touching while remaining quite unsentimentalised. He stays connected with his childhood world: it is *his* world. And some of its decencies survive, too, even if, like Huck himself, he also begins to grow up.

Foggage is the sort of novel the ingredients of which sound more than unpromising when listed in the raw: the farm in the depths of Ireland; the man of 40; the spinster sister; the senile father in bed upstairs; the sexuality of bovines; the earth; the sky; the slices of beef; the potatoes; the raw onions; the incest; the pregnancy-or-otherwise; the religio-superstitious sense of guilt; the sudden deaths . . . 'Cold weather, cold clothes, cold flesh, cold clay'; Cold Comfort?

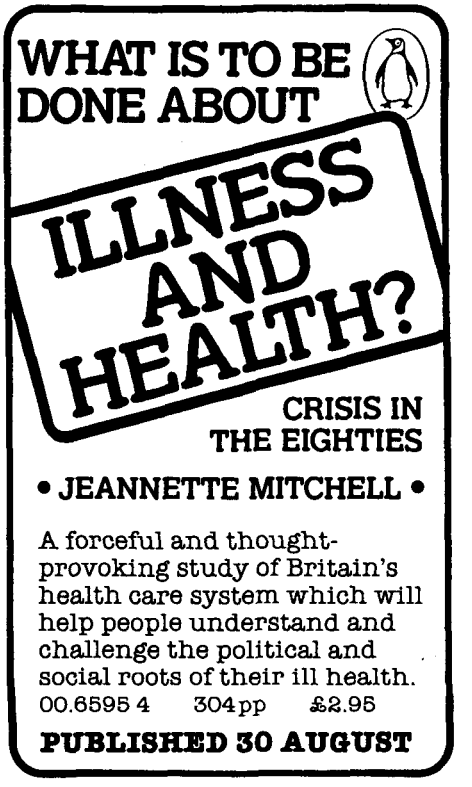
That Patrick McGinley dispels one's perhaps over-ready expectations is due in part to his tone of voice, which is dignified yet unsolemn and capable of frequent flashes of comedy. Kevin ponders the ethics of his relations with his sister Maureen: isn't bestiality worse? 'At least Maureen was not a Hereford.' There are also many strong descriptions of the heavy, fertile countryside, with words such as 'slush' and 'slurry', 'mash' and 'flesh' working to unobtrusive effect. But the chief success is the picture of the farmer, Kevin. Slow to think, slow to act, torn between his sister and the woman he marries, between the solitariness of the fields, the animal darkness of his old house and the public lightness of his new one, still hovering in uncertainties at the very end — he is the utterly convincing centre of the book.

The 12 stories of Robert Drewe's **The Bodysurfers** relate, in the main, episodes in the lives of different members of one Australian family: episodes of loss, breakdown and death, intercut with outbursts of rather desperate pleasure-seeking. Descriptions of nature are again powerful, in this case involving kookaburras, currawongs, tarantulas and mosquitoes — but also, throughout, the infinite variety of the Australian beach, with its discarded beer cans and hypodermic needles and its sky and surf and oiled bodies glistening in the heat.

But one man's beach is another man's sand in the sandwiches; or perhaps one has to have grown up in Australia to be tempted to invest sun'n'surf'n'swimming'n'sex with the almost magical properties they have here. The people in these stories are so concerned with themselves, their gratifications and discontents, their bodily prowess and the lost beaches of their childhood. Moving though their situations sometimes are, in the end one wants to boot them off the beach and back into a world where work and other people exist.

Scepticism about the paranormal can hardly be allayed by a work of fiction and can hardly help being an obstacle to the enjoyment of Francis King's **Voices in an Empty Room**, which, having flirted with various parapsychological phenomena and having apparently disposed of them with rational explanations, ultimately opens some possibilities up all over again. Hugo Crawfurd pursues an experiment in telepathy, partly from conviction, partly because it brings him close to a 'pale beautiful darling' of a boy (who is then his undoing). Hugo's sister tries automatic writing to reach him after his death; séances, visions and poltergeists also get in on the action, as two other women also try to grapple with bereavement. Various frauds and exposures later, in a chapter written in a speculative future tense, there is . . . But that's enough.

On the non-parapsychological level, Francis King has drawn some sympathetic characters caught in hard predicaments, but it must also be said that a rather unsympathetic vein of snobbery runs through the book. The lower orders are feckless, have deplorable manners, and don't even know the poetry of Meredith. If this isn't the author's snobbery, but only his characters', it isn't clear that it isn't. □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The Postman of Nagasaki
PETER TOWNSEND *Collins* £8.95
The Most Dangerous Decade
KEN COATES *Spokesman* £15 & £4.95

On 9 August 1945, Sumiteru Taniguchi was delivering mail on his red post office bicycle when 'the children and everything else around him disappeared in a blinding flash, bluish-white, like a gigantic arc-lamp'. Almost two years later, he lowered himself from the hospital bed where he had been lying face down, his back covered with burns, and took to his feet again. He found that he had grown thirty centimetres taller. His puberty had been a season in hell, during which he had begged and begged nurses to let him die, rather than endure any longer the pain and putrefaction of his wounds.

Peter Townsend, whose book chronicles Sumiteru's sufferings and recovery, doesn't meet every challenge of his difficult theme. Despite some uncomfortably intimate passages, the portrait remains documentary rather than fully biographical. The historical and military background is usefully sketched, but experts would no doubt challenge some of Townsend's simplifications. However, he conveys, without rhetoric, what nuclear weapons do to human lives. As a former Battle of Britain pilot, he also speaks with authority of how genocidal military strategies violate every moral principle to which soldiers and airmen once owed allegiance.

Meanwhile, the peace movement must grow and struggle if Nagasaki's prayer ('May the second atom bomb be the last') is to be answered. Ken Coates's essays are mostly, as he calls them, 'working papers': documents in the non-aligned disarmament movement's evolution. There are also some more reflective pieces, including a reply to Ernest Mandel (now reprinted in *New Left Review* 145) on the theme of 'The Peace Movement and Socialism'. Another worthwhile book, thoughtful and engaged, and (like Townsend's) at once depressing and intransigently hopeful.

M. H. Ryle

My Longest Night
GENEVIÈVE DUBOSCQ trans. RICHARD S. WOODWARD *Secker* £8.50

This is the story of a peasant family who for a busy few days become a footnote in the history of the Second World War. The Duboscq family live at the level-crossing outside the hamlet of La Fière, the first place in France to be liberated, so the author says, and, until the battle moves on, they are thrillingly and satisfyingly in the middle of things. A soldier lands on their roof, slides noisily down the steep pitch and has to be fished out of the waters lapping at the back of the house. Little Geneviève, not yet 12, ladles out hot milk and chicken broth for the American soldiers arriving by the boatload from the surrounding marshes. Her father, a drunken and brutal peasant before and after D-Day, rises to the occasion and works heroically to ferry the downed parachutists through the swamp to higher ground.

My Longest Night is also about a girl trying to understand the world of grown-ups. She sees extremes of good and evil in the week around D-Day. Her relationships with her adored mother and her loutish father form a constant accompaniment to the family's adventures. Later young Geneviève is going to be adopted by an American soldier, but then the audacious 12-year-old tells him that she is in love with him, and the adoption plan rapidly becomes an engagement.

But in August 1945 Geneviève Duboscq was badly wounded by a left-over landmine and has spent most of the rest of her life in and out of hospitals. At the end the story becomes one of bravery in the face of her own suffering rather than bravery in alleviating the suffering of others.

Madame Duboscq sometimes descends to a certain twee note, but it is easy to forgive. Her life has too much dignity for us to mind an occasional touch of bathos.

Sarah Lawson

Danger on the Road
STEPHEN PLOWDEN and MAYER HILLMAN *Policy Studies Institute* £6.50
Getting Around
GAVIN SMITH *Pluto* £2.95

Imagine one-ton chunks of scrap metal being hurled at high speed through a crowd of defenceless people. Just think of the injuries. Yet this is not the latest in video nasties or a new development in police tactics at Orgreave. It happens every day on the roads. Sixteen people who were alive this morning will be dead tonight — victims of that most acceptable form of violence — the motor vehicle.

But, as Mayer Hillman and Stephen Plowden argue, much of this loss of life is needless. They say that the number of road deaths could be cut by 40 per cent — six of the people who died today needn't have. Some of the policies they suggest, encouraging the use of public transport and building safe bicycle-ways, will be obvious to readers of the *New Statesman*. Others have been less well aired. High speeds make accidents more serious. Yet fitting a simple device to engines (a governer) could curb excessive speed.

And the Netherlands has *woonerven*, residential areas where people come first and vehicles have to give way. The idea is virtually unknown in Britain. Yet this country kills twice as many children on the roads, per capita, as the Netherlands.

Gavin Smith starts from a more political perspective. I always find it surprising how many strong socialists lose their principles when they think about transport. They accept public housing, public health and falter over public transport. The Tories have never been slow to promote private motoring, to support private lorries against the state-owned railways. But until Labour's big city councils produced their cheap fares philosophy in the 1970s socialists seemed to consider that transport was beneath politics.

It is all changing, at last. It is transport policy that is making the government try to abolish the metropolitan councils and the GLC. And Smith's book is a handy introduction to the topics that have to be tackled.

Mick Hamer

Local Socialism?
ed. MARTIN BODDY and COLIN FUDGE *Macmillan* £18 & £6.95

This nutritious symposium demonstrates convincingly that the locus of political creativity in the Labour Party has shifted from centre to periphery. In radical Labour-controlled authorities up and down the country new initiatives are being launched. At the same time the Government is subjecting those town halls to heavy shelling in a conflict whose victors will begin to emerge only over the coming months.

Morrisonian nationalisation and the former's sniffiness towards such local snook-cocking as Poplarism are out, grass-roots community opposition is in. The editors talk happily about 'stale visions of a centralised, state socialism'. Decentralisation and anti-statism are preferred, although contributors attempt to define the limits to local action and the need for local strategies to be supported by appropriate national policy.

There are useful chapters on specific initiatives on women, race, employment creation and decentralisation. Sue Goss reviews the new women's committees and the problems of acceptance and representativeness they face, and their need to deliver, in addition to the fun propaganda, hard material benefits for women.

The collection ends with interviews with those mega-stars of the new municipal socialism, David Blunkett and Ken Livingstone. Blunkett dismisses Labour's past 'legislative paternalism' in favour of 'rebuilding from the grassroots' although, disconcertingly, he has little time for the women's committees.

Livingstone is on wickedly good form, tossing out with outrageous insouciance — some would call it bare-faced cheek — off-the-cuff ideas that junk long-established Labour pieties in a merry aside. If Patrick Jenkin succeeds in abolishing Mr Livingstone he will have greatly diminished the gaiety of nations.

Nicholas Murray

Journal of a Wife
ANAIS NIN *Peter Owen* £12.95

In terms of bookshelf inches Anaïs Nin's literary output is not inconsiderable. Her published work includes ten volumes of journals of one sort or another, several books of fiction and, of course, the famous erotica. Unfortunately, she is as prolix as she is prolific.

Although Nin chose to begin the publication of her journals with the 1931 volume, she had been keeping — and with what fervour — a record of her experiences, every little one of them, since childhood. This volume covers the years 1923-7, which began with her marriage to Hugh Guiler.

'Anaïs was compelled to write' the preface informs us, 'because she suffered and because the joy of writing was ', in Anaïs Nin's own words, 'so intense, so pure, so all-absorbing and free and all-encompassing, flooding the soul in mystical ecstasy, elevating and sanctifying . . .' and so it goes on. The precocity of her writing, both arch and lush, is matched by a smug preciousness. On 29 March 1923, she realises that she can perform household chores with the same rapturousness as her journal writing: 'What joy for me to prove that a mind inclined to occupy itself with elevated, creative thought, to dreaming and solving, to philosophizing, can yet hold sway over the necessary "machinery" of life and equally apply itself to the humbler labor' — all this because she's picked up a duster!

At a certain point, however, her inexhaustible introspection, her indefatigable egotism cease being amusing — they are simply tedious. Her febrile interest in every aspect of herself leads her to put nothing in relief, nothing in shadow: all is equally emphasised, equally exploited.

If she, with all her inner torments, cannot catch one's imagination, there is little else. Her descriptions of books are gushing, and she is not as perceptive about people as she congratulates herself on being. But it is her husband I feel sorry for. He works for a bank so that Anaïs can Write; she obligingly accepts 'to create for both of us'. Their evenings are spent with his head on her breast, 'he listening and I reading from my old journals'. Occasionally they swap: *he* will read her journals to her. This journal is fuelled by one all-consuming problem: 'Would I like to be either purely woman or purely writer, purely mind?' Somebody should have told her to stop wasting her considerable energies on it: she was *hors concours*.

Nigella Lawson

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THEATRE
Naseem Khan

Dark shades

Twelfth Night
SHAKESPEARE *Barbican*
The Devils
JOHN WHITING *The Pit*

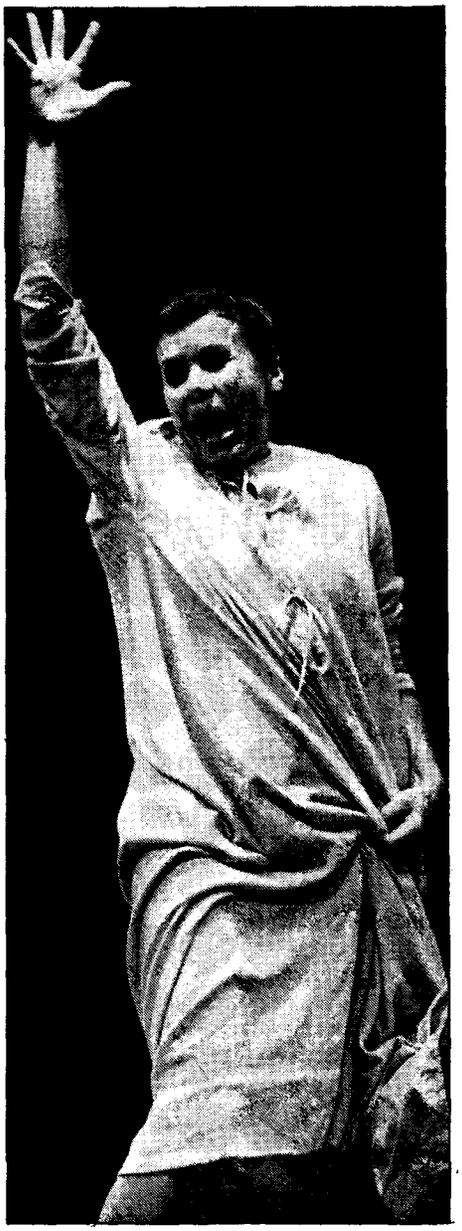
There's a curious consanguinity at work in the Barbican at present. Upstairs in the big house is a dour, sour version of **Twelfth Night**. Downstairs in the Pit (one of the most oppressive theatres in London), John Whiting's **The Devils** has been revived: its view is of mankind corrupt, cruel and venal. Its images assault the senses — mangled limbs, communal masturbation, human excrement.

John Caird's production of *Twelfth Night*, transferred from Stratford, looks like one of those manneredly sombre landscapes they were partial to in the 19th century — all romantic tumbling rocks, brooding ruined pillars wreathed with ivy, the sound of a forlorn sea booming on craggy cliffs. Dominating Robin Don's set is a massive gnarled tree. From the look of the leaves, it could be slowly dying.

Melancholy in *Twelfth Night* — a late comedy — is of course no new discovery. On the whole, though, it's come over more gently, an ironic mockery of human foibles. Not so here. The set signals what is in store. Ilona Sekacz's atmospheric music augments it. Orsino's court — like most of the cast in sombre browns, greys and black — lean wearily against elements of this autumnal set, shrugging slightly behind their master's back at his besotted folly. Shakespeare in *Midsummer Night's Dream* bracketted lovers with lunatics and poets. Madness is not far away in this production. The extremity of Olivia's grief — as her black-clad household solemnly progress to a handy chapel — is heavily scored. The identical twins and the ensuing confusions smack as much of schizophrenia as of a dramatic device. Malvolio's gulling leads him, it is suggested, into madness.

It is a strong reading; and, while not exactly joyful, is both consistent and impressive. There is, for instance, little of the freshness and bounce that the Actors' Touring Company recently brought to the play. The ATC's Aguecheek had a wonderfully engaging innocence; Daniel Massey for the RSC makes him just a silly ass. But while that yeasty warmth is gone, the production makes sense of many things that have been hurdles, in particular the trick played on Malvolio which, when it gets to his incarceration as a lunatic, has bothered modern sensibilities. Here the callousness is just that, part of the sourness of the overall conception.

An answer is provided even to that vexed question, long debated by scholars over their port and nuts, why was Feste dropped from the practical joke?



Estelle Kohler as 'instrument of destruction' Sister Jeanne

Emrys James makes Malvolio a plump braggart of a man with a mincing walk for special occasions. Although his playing of the letter scene is disconcertingly close to music hall, he cools in the final scene, with the knowledge of the trick played on him, to a chilly vengefulness. Richard O'Callaghan's sharp-featured malicious Feste comes from the same mould, while Zoe Wanamaker's Viola has a pleasantly youthful absoluteness.

Madness, in the Pit, is a more focal matter. John Whiting's *The Devils*, first produced by the RSC in 1961, was based on Huxley's *Devils of Loudun*, which in turn documented a true story: a parish priest was accused by nuns of a local order of having diabolically possessed them. The priest, Urbain Grandier, was convicted and burnt in 1634. Out of this daunting tale (also filmed by Ken Russell), comes this extraordinary play that is part metaphysical mystery play, part historical documentary, part thriller. You are never quite sure exactly which of those you are dealing with, but there's no question that, in John Barton's deliberately formal production, it has a theatrical impact that sends you reeling out into the night.

Barton has the audience sitting all round the acting area, penned behind bullring-like barriers. Before them, the cast crosses and recrosses a low octagonal dais (beneath which lurks the periodically revealed cesspit) in a series of tight short scenes. The restraint of the form belies the emotional violence which it contains. Sombre to look at, costumes range from the sober richness of the local gentry to the uncompromising puritan black of Grandier's prurient enemies. They are two of the millstones that crush Grandier — his support for the wrong political cause (never convincingly explained by Whiting) enlisted the enmity of powerful politicians. His libidinousness provoked the fury of the bourgeoisie, as well as the hysterical fantasies of the nuns. But Grandier, in Whiting's version at least, was more than a little responsible for his own doom. Disgusted by man's imperfection (himself as much as the world), he sought out destruction as a means of salvation. The struggle is between Grandier's defiant humanism and the church's conviction that 'ascendancy of self is the ascendancy of the devil'.

Peter McEnery's performance as the worldly, arrogant priest is magnificently sustained, from the pinnacle of his success — a 'civilised' existence of metaphysical debate, Latin epigrams, fine clothes, good wine and willing women — to the savagely shaven, bloodied travesty of a man that torture makes of him. He is surrounded by a fine cast, particularly his principal instrument of destruction, Estelle Kohler's Sister Jeanne, the crippled Prioress whose feverish dreams are the catalyst for this horrible sequence of events. And if the narrow confines of the Pit make the scenes of mass sexual hysteria slightly absurd, they give the other, less large tensions of the play a compelling intensity. □

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL
Angus Calder

Alive and well

EDINBURGH's marvellous in August. You can hear world-famous musicians free, playing in pubs. They're happy for you to rub shoulders and chat with them. I refer, of course, to the Jazz Festival, thanks to which, at Meadowbank Stadium, I heard a remarkable **Tribute to Count Basie**. An *ad hoc* all-star big band had rehearsed for just three hours, yet, by miracle, blended like an established combination. Their director was the brilliant Scots-Canadian sax Jim Galloway and, when he and Red Richards on piano were swapping solos in 'Jive at Five' with the swing-era veteran Buddy Tate, thousands present were blissfully convinced that this was about as good as jazz could be.

The Jazz Parade which had opened the mini-festival lined Princes Street with dense crowds for the second Sunday running, like the opening Festival Parade. Then came the

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evening when the Scottish Chamber Orchestra played Handel's **Music for the Royal Fireworks** in Princes St Gardens while the Castle above them flickered and glowed with actual fireworks. Despite a mist, the throng was enormous. With buskers and bagpipers and Fringe performers doing their turns on city centre pavements, Edinburgh has worn a carnival air. An outsider might think that the whole population loved the Festival, and the arts.

But on 2 September the fun will be over and cultural pre-eminence will revert to Glasgow, which, month in month out, supports more music and better theatre. Councillor George Kerevan, winding up the City Council's day-long conference on **The Future of the Arts in Edinburgh**, challenged the gathered representatives of local cultural organisations: 'Would you be satisfied with the arts in Edinburgh if we had no Festival?' Clearly, we wouldn't.

This unprecedented event should have convinced doubters that, far from being philistine, the new Labour ruling group is taking the arts very seriously. There are plans — Government spending restrictions permitting — to boost existing facilities and to create new ones. But on what theoretical basis? John McGrath, creator of 7:84 Theatre Company, made a powerful speech denouncing middle-class control of the arts and the assumption that working-class culture has nothing to offer. He tilted at opera as élitist and earned a sharp rebuke from Janey Buchan MEP. She'd left school at 14 — 'unlike most people present' — and yet she loved opera.

That suggests one model for 'giving arts to the people'. You simply lay on 'the best' and hope folk will come. Scottish Opera (Official Festival) have been performing Cavalli's **Orion**, a 17th-century work reconstructed by Raymond Leppard. It's hardly a 'great opera' but it's well sung, the sets and staging are delightful and it's full of laughs. A pity there were so many empty seats.

McGrath derided one familiar approach to curing the lack of mass audience for excellence — the WEA or 'teach-yourself-Tom-Stoppard-for-ignorant-workers' mode of evangelism. Yes: one wants to see in other arts the dynamic interaction between first-rate professionals, cheerful part-time supporting groups and friendly crowds which sustains the Jazz Festival.

In 1981, Arts Opportunity Theatre was founded in the St Paul's district of Bristol to offer young people, largely unemployed, largely black, the chance to train not only as performers but as administrators, sound engineers and so forth. A group of AOT 'graduates' brought their reggae-funk musical **Freedom City** to this year's Fringe. The story-line was ideologically bland, but the singing, playing and dancing were exciting. It's already been to Germany and will be seen in Canada. It shows that it's false to cast 'arts' and 'workers' as opposites; the arts can provide useful work and a way out of despair for people on the dole. This point was made explicitly in **For A 'That an' A' That** (Fringe), a musical devised cooperatively by the Graigmillar Festival Society in one of Edinburgh's most deprived areas. An unsentimental rendering of Robert Burns's life was intercut with scenes in which young drug addicts talked about their problems. Young Steven Fraser, who brought the house down with a Billy-Connolly-style monologue, told me that getting involved in this production had helped him to see the point of poetry. Hard not to, when 'Parcel O'Rogues' can be sung in chorus by amateurs so as to make your hair stand on end.

In Scotland the 'high culture' of the best literary artists, from Henryson to Edwin Morgan, has always respected the culture of working people and interacted with popular traditions. In one of a series of readings organised by the **Scottish Poetry Library** (Fringe) Sheena Blackhall from Aberdeen recited her own very amusing verse in Scots and rendered traditional songs, unaccompanied, with expertise and authenticity. In another, David Dabydeen delighted people with poems in Guyanese creole. That undiluted vernacular language need be no barrier to communication was further proved by **Precarious Living** (Fringe). Amy Hardie's subtle and lively play is based on the memoirs of Christian Watt, a working woman in the Victorian North-East of Scotland, written in the mental asylum to which she retreated after her fisherman husband was drowned. Evelyn Langland's powerful performance as the witty and beautiful Christian was backed by a good cast who sustained convincing accents throughout (which is more than can be said for some of the actors in Lindsay Anderson's sadly unatmospheric Fringe production of Synge's **Playboy**).

I feel cheerfully at this moment that the arts in Scotland are alive and well and going places. The World Famous Falkirk Foot-Tappers, a large band of both sexes and all ages who marched all the way in the Jazz Parade, are part of the same culture as the wonderful Buddy Tate sax solos which I heard over a pint outside the Peartree. □

EDINBURGH'S MUSIC
Andrew Clements

On the slide

MUSIC CRITICS have a less strenuous time at the Edinburgh Festival than their drama colleagues; the official programme is decently filled with musical events but not crammed, and fringe concerts are relatively infrequent. This year the Festival has also been particularly uninteresting, with the genuinely worthwhile concerts thinly spread through the three weeks. While a generous spirit might be willing to pass off a single dud year as a new administration finding its feet, the trouble is that, as far as music is concerned, the Edinburgh Festival has been on the slide for a number of years; last year's festival — with its fascinating and valuable Viennese theme — was the real aberration, a temporary halt in the steady descent into mediocrity and plainness.

Once upon a time the Edinburgh Festival had a well defined and attractive musical profile, as distinct and enterprising as its theatrical analogue. It was able to hire a truly international array of conductors and soloists, to put together programmes that would have been beyond the scope of any single concert promoter or orchestra and to contemplate festival opera productions, which, while they rarely quite scaled the heights of their continental counterparts, at least captured the same enthusiasm and industry, the same sense of purpose. That Edinburgh has been unable to sustain this standard is now a historical fact: it was ground down by the continued inability of the city to fund and build a proper opera house (though the conversion of the Queen's Hall has provided it with a splendid if slightly remote medium-sized recital hall) and to provide subsidy on a level that allows it to attract the highest level of performers. At the beginning of this year's festival the administration was publicly lamenting its inability to hire the musical jet set, whose fees continue to spiral far ahead of inflation, implicitly resigning itself to the second best. That unglamorous performers automatically mean uninteresting programmes seems to have been the blinkered corollary.

I'm sure it is very difficult organising an 'international' programme on a shoestring and this year's music has also been dogged by bad luck and some cancellations — one of which, by Welsh National Opera, deprived the Festival of its single most compelling musical event, a concert performance of *Parsifal* conducted by Reginald Goodall. Goodall's appendicitis could not be foreseen, but some of the other operatic disasters might have been. Did nobody take a good look at Cavalli's **Orion** before agreeing to accept it as Scottish Opera's contribution or did they buy a pig in a poke? It proved to be a bore from beginning to end, without a note of memorable music, and given in a production borrowed from Santa Fe Opera that generally seemed at a loss as to how to inject some life into a long-winded plot. And when a visit by Washington Opera was mooted, did no one consider that a double-bill of one-acters by Gian Carlo Menotti, **The Telephone** and **The Medium**, might seem just a little tired, a shade unadventurous, when both pieces are regularly revived by any music college keen to put on a cheap and cheerful production? There must be many first-class opera companies around Europe with productions of unfamiliar repertory that would have filled a niche here at no greater cost or provided a new slant on a well known work, at least added something which might have encouraged opera-goers from the south to make the journey.

For while the concert programmes become ever more conservative, audiences seem less and less impressed. Had I not seen it myself I would not have believed that a recital by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau could have failed to fill the Usher Hall or that two of the larger audiences for orchestral music in the first fortnight of the festival would be for programmes of 20th-century music — a concert by the Scottish National Orchestra which included Prokofiev's **Alexander Nevsky**, and the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Boulez, in a characteristic mix of Bartok, Berg, Debussy and Boulez's own **Notations** which was rapturously received. Audiences, especially

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when they make the effort to attend a festival, are more discriminating than some planners give them credit for. As regards its visits by the London orchestras, Edinburgh has fallen into the trap in recent years of merely replaying hits of the London winter season, of taking a package as it's offered: once again the easy, cheaper option.

In the *Observer* two weeks ago Peter Heyworth launched an attack on Edinburgh, making unfavourable comparisons with the Salzburg Festival, which also started from modest beginnings in the late 1940s and is now the *ne plus ultra* of musical glamour. Heyworth's solution for Edinburgh was that it should be prepared to think big, be ready to spend lots of money on improving halls and theatres and on hiring the grandest and the costliest, arguing that offering expensive concerts would generate the international attention and tourism which would in turn bring in the money the Festival needs. It's an attractive notion, but one which takes no account of the economic state of the city and of the beleaguered attitude of the newly elected city council. Salzburg rose to its present luxurious prominence on the back of the Austrian economy itself; the two prospered together in the years following World War II and began with pretty strong intrinsic assets, such as Mozart's birthplace, direct access to the Vienna Philharmonic and to Von Karajan. Edinburgh may have started from a stronger commercial base, but it gradually ran out of artistic momentum, long before the present demands for a more populist approach were voiced. Money is certainly needed, but so is imagination, and it is the lack of that quality which is so apparent in the present festival. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Thin ice

Comfort and Joy (PG)
Studio; Cinecenta; Classic, Tottenham Court Road; ABC, Fulham Road
The Karate Kid (PG)
Leicester Square Theatre; Odeons, Chelsea, Swiss Cottage and Kensington

As a fully paid-up member of the Bill Forsyth fan club, I come before you with the reluctance that accompanies tidings of no great cheer. To Forsyth we owe three of the best British comedies in years (not that the competition has been fierce): *That Sinking Feeling, Gregory's Girl* and *Local Hero*, writer-director movies marked by a sense of humour which has provoked comparisons with Sturges, Capra, Tati and the early Olmi. The last proposal was mine; I was thinking specifically of the marvellous *Il Posto* with its sly, affectionate and unerring eye for the absurd in the quotidian as well as for its well-founded trust that a small, 'foreign'-provincial film might have universal appeal; the reference still seems to me to hold up.

Hasn't Forsyth, after all, stayed faithful to his Scottish — and chiefly Glaswegian — background and foregound? Hasn't he uniquely (any serious talent is unique) imposed his drily, sometimes wildly comic vision of a tilted reality on our consciousness, allowing walk-on people their unguarded but complacent aberrations, packing minimal plots with stunning, off-centre gags of pure observation? Let the rhetoric answer itself. Rather as with Tati-tasters, one is either for the distinctive flavour of Forsyth or agin. Some found too much sweetness and charm in *Gregory's Girl*, the very same — in my experience — who failed to detect an interesting new acidity in *Local Hero*.

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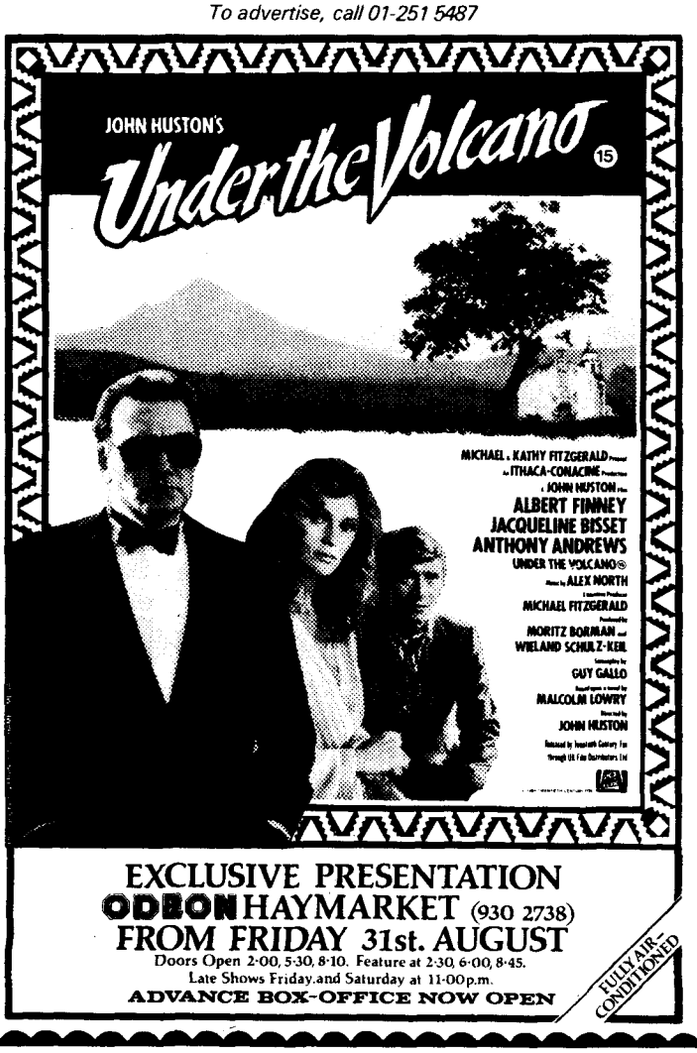

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One of the better submerged jokes of **Comfort and Joy** lies beneath its title. With Xmas Day fast approaching, two feuding, sub-Mafia ice-cream outfits ply their chilly wares in and around an unidentified Lowlands city that might be and is Glasgow. Another near-subliminal wheeze is that a local radio station should be promoting a lookalike contest. This, incidentally, leads into two typically splendid and spendthrift nonsenses. The piece's morning-shift DJ hero, Alan (Bill Paterson), is confronted in the lobby by a pair of seamed and superannuated nonentities claiming — with sublime wishfulness — to resemble Bob Hope and Fred Astaire. Forsyth caps this, the pun is fortuitous, by having Alan briefly visit his dentist, a fellow with authentic facial affiliations to George C. Scott.

But one must, in fact, beware of recording too many of these trouvailles for the very sound, and unexpected, reason that they are so few and far between. The far-between engages Alan — abruptly abandoned by his glam, four-year live-in girlfriend, who takes most of the furniture with her — in acting as intermediary between those warring, largely Italianate ice-cream vendors. At which point, and this is some way off in a disjunct occasion, unsettling phrases like 'made on a Shoestring' come to mind. And Alan does, indeed, find a mad resolution to the rivals' little problem. What he *doesn't* find is the 'new life' the opening sequences have encouraged us to expect: he seems to have wandered into the tutti-frutti mayhem from another set of premises.

Of course there are hugely engaging Forsythian inventions and lunacies: a petulant shrink Alan is sent to by his anxious boss; autograph-hunters at unlikely moments; instances of that hilarious super-childishness which grown flesh is heir to, if reluctant to acknowledge until someone with Forsyth's lucid flair for psychic eavesdropping traps it in words and images. There is also the more delicate business of an incursive sentimentality, held barely in check during a second or two Alan has with an admiring old lady in hospital, given looser rein in his short stay at a married pal's house. Maybe the slight, and it is slight, unease one feels during these passages is related to the firmer sensation that *Comfort and Joy* is broken backed, indecisive in tone. It is surely the most diluted work to proceed from this cherishable film-maker so far. Just as surely it demonstrates that even thinned-out Forsyth is preferable to no Forsyth at all.

I would cheerfully sit through it, for instance, ten times at the slump in preference to a second viewing of the **The Karate Kid**. This not only shows my advanced taste: it shows my advancing age. Or so, no doubt, the teenager (who should be quelled) as opposed to the child (who should be encouraged) in those who comprise today's cinema audiences will scream in my ear. That particular organ, as it happens, is temporarily in poor nick, thanks to the thunderous pop score accompanying this rocky 'Rocky' yarn of a weedy lad (Ralph Macchio, quite likable all things considered, a procedure not about to be embarked on) who moves with mum to California and learns that karate is where it's at for popularity. An elderly Okinawan is his instructor, burbling with pokerwork philosophy, but the chopping action-finale disposes of that malarkey. John G. Avildsen directs handsomely. □

TELEVISION
Mary Harron

Martyr's memorial

CONCEALED ENEMIES (C4), Goldcrest's four-hour documentary drama about the Alger Hiss spy case, was rapturously received in America — even though it dealt with one of the grimiest incidents in the country's recent history, the scandal that launched Richard Nixon and opened the door to the McCarthy witch-hunts. Maybe it's the reverse side to their obsessive patriotism, but Americans love to expose their country's sores; just the opposite of the English, who have to be bludgeoned into taking interest in a political scandal (witness the Belgrano) unless it involves sex.

This was a sober, intelligent, tasteful production, if dry at times. It lacked both the melodrama and the vitality of *Blood Feud*, last year's documentary drama about Robert Kennedy's war with Jimmy Hoffa. But then this was a much more ambiguous tale, whose answer, if there is one, lies in a mass of conflicting testimony.

In 1948 Whittaker Chambers, a fat, neurotic, homosexual ex-Communist accused Alger Hiss, a popular, urbane rising star at the State Department, of being a Communist spy. If Hiss was guilty then what he had done was pass minor documents to the Soviet Union at the time when they were still an ally. In 1948 America's attitude to Russia was still volatile; by the following year they had the atom bomb, anti-Communist panic broke out and Hiss was finished. His conviction opened the way for the right wing's move against the New Deal democrats and the destruction of American liberalism for a decade. If *Concealed Enemies* has a verdict, it comes from one of Chambers's contacts who says, 'I hope Alger Hiss is acquitted whether he is guilty or not, because this trial is about politics, not truth.'

Bizarrely enough, the most sympathetic character in the documentary turned out to be Whittaker Chambers; thanks in great part to Edward Herrmann's magnificent performance. It's hard to explain this: he looked like a stuck pig and it's possible that, as Hiss claimed, he was mad; or that his vendetta against Hiss was inspired by a thwarted homosexual passion. But he was also a fanatic, a true believer, as vehement an anti-Communist as he had been in the service of the Party.

There is a moral problem in these dramatisations of historical events, in the way the actors' and the dramatist's version becomes fixed on our minds as the true one. In the *Concealed Enemies* version of events, at least, Chambers shone with sincerity. Whatever he was accused of in court — of being a perjurer, a traitor — his voice answered, clear and ringing, 'Yes I am.'

Chambers had a martyr complex (he tried to kill himself during the case, although he ended by martyring Hiss) and a compulsion for self-revelation. When the defence uncovered evidence of Chambers's homosexuality, which in those days was almost as great a sin as Communism, Hiss nobly refused to let them use it; his own step-son was homosexual and he knew the FBI would try and drag him into the case. Typically, Chambers went ahead and made a full confession about his sexual habits to the FBI (who kept it secret):

> Having testified mercilessly against others it has now become my function to testify mercilessly against myself. This is not from love of self-destruction, but because only if we are prepared to destroy ourselves can the thing we are fighting be destroyed.

Alger Hiss had had a charmed life — rich, popular, admired — until he ran into Whittaker Chambers. His fatal mistake was that he refused to believe he could be convicted; he thought nothing terrible could happen to him, because nothing terrible ever had. Early on in the drama Hiss's attorney Lloyd Striker tells him, 'The heart of the case is your character and reputation — that's our greatest strength.' Striker's sentimental courtroom style made Hiss squirm, but he convinced enough of the jury that his client was a good man and Chambers a bad one to get a retrial. Hiss changed to a lawyer who stuck drily to the evidence, and was convicted.

One reason he was convicted was that the prosecution deliberately concealed vital evidence: the typewriter on which Mrs Hiss was said to have typed the documents was the wrong one. But even today there is no clear verdict. Was Hiss an American version of Burgess and Maclean? *Concealed Enemies* inclined to his innocence, but left the question hanging. If he was innocent, everything about Alger Hiss made sense; if he wasn't, nothing did. There were too many loose ends for the jury to handle so they opted for Chambers, if only because he was easier to understand: a man who, unlike the fastidious, reserved Hiss, was happy to reveal *everything*.

The most chilling sight of the week was another gift from America: Ron and Nancy's video. This full colour, soft-focus commercial was made by the Pepsi corporation, appropriately enough; Reagan is the first Pepsi president. It included footage of the assassination attempt, followed by a song which went, 'I'm proud to be an American where at least I know I'm free / And I won't forget the man who gave His life for me' thus cunningly linking Reagan with Christ.

BBC-2's **Rock Around the Clock** extravaganza was better than last year's dismal effort, but much inferior to **The Midsummer Night's Tube** (C4). It did, however, offer a bizarre curio in the 'tribute' to Jim Morrison, **No-one Here Gets Out Alive**. I actually like his records (although the concert footage now looks bombastic and silly) but I had no idea of his true meaning. Far from being a spoiled American superstar whose philosophy was 'I want it *now*' his producer explained that Jim 'was a classic intellectual; he was trying in his own way to be a Renaissance man'. Morrison pursued this in classic style by drunkenly abusing people, writing awful poetry, exposing himself at concerts, dying of alcoholism etc. The light came at the end when his biographer revealed that Jim was in fact the Messiah, by announcing that, 'He was really living for us all.' Just like Ron and Nancy. □

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FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

In our stars

AT A LOOSE END one summer Sunday in London, I wandered into a 'Mind Body Spirit Festival' at Olympia. Downstairs was laid out with the stalls of therapists of every kind, from promoters of 'Individually Guided Alchemical Retreats' which allowed 'access to a garden' — presumably in case you felt the need of fresh air while you searched for your true identity (or maybe just so's you could comfort yourself at the end that you'd left no hollyhock unturned) — through spiritual healers and purveyors of dynamic water that doubtless cures everything from catarrh to radiation sickness, to The Metamorphic Association. Not really such a wide range, is it?

Upstairs, the place almost hummed with the massed alpha-waves of the futurologists. You could have your fate read in the Tarot, in a tray of sand, in a crystal ball, from your hand. The practitioners of these occult arts themselves covered the whole spectrum of supernatural solicitors, from swamis to gypsies — again, not such a wide range, really. I have before me now the promotional leaflet of one Marie Graciette, 'World Famous Psychic and Author of Astrology and Your Sex Life'.

This extraordinarily gifted person, or 'renowned sensitive' as she prefers to be described, appears to have worked her way through musical comedy to the Beyond — *per ardua ad* astrology, as it were — where she has learned to 'blend ESP with the Lore of the Stars'. 'Many leaders of business and movie actors,' (it's much the same thing — look at Mr MacGregor) we are told, 'follow her uncanny predictions of stock market trends.' I always *knew* there was a sinister cause for this economic depression.

The success of Marie Graciette's predictions may be measured by the fact of her appearance among so many other seedy swamis on that sweaty, stuffy concourse, all touting for the privilege of reading the future of the many-headed at a fiver a throw. Is it possible, one wondered, that a woman who has crossed palms with Tiny Rowlands and felt Burt Reynolds's bumps could descend to this? Surely not. My extra-sensory sister, the one who reads teacups with stunning inaccuracy, tells me that it is usually the dullest, most conventional people who want to know what happens next.

If I were a real journalist with an expense account, dear reader, I would not have spared myself on your behalf. I'd have got them all to interpret my future in order to give you an unbiassed, comparative report on their accuracy. As it is, I merely bought a plastic bag and collected leaflets.

Now, in keeping with the. . .spirit of the thing, I thrust my hand into the bag and pull out, apparently at random but no doubt guided by a Superior Being who died in Tibet a thousand years ago, a catalogue entitled *The Love Tapes*. This lists, in all modesty, 'the most beautiful, the most effective, self-development tools available anywhere'. No, they are not sexual prosthetics for the woman who has everything; they are cassettes which promise to enable me, at last, to use more than the five per cent of my brain I've employed to date.

But what shall I want these amazing mental power-tools for? Well, I might try 'How to Attract Money'. Now that the Editor has decided to axe the First Person feature, I need that skill more than ever. But perhaps I'll start with 'Self Confidence', to help me recognise my own worth which, Love Tapes assure me, is far greater than I imagine. (However did they guess? Would they give me a reference, I wonder?)

To avoid brooding on Mrs Thatcher's campaign for full unemployment, I might try *O'cean* (*sic*) by Larkin, a 'unique and highly evolved recording' which combines the 'heartfelt' music of the flute with 'Songs of the Humpback Whales as recorded by Rodger Payne, PhD.'. That might buck me up no end: I can sit and consider how fortunate I am compared to the humpback whale, yet the humpback whale can still sing. Friends who know, though, urge me to save the precious £5.75 on the grounds that I probably sing like a humpback whale myself.

Oh yes, I can see now that there are other worlds outside the grim so-called 'reality' covered by the *NS* — or, in the words of Conan Doyle, *au revoir*, dear friends. . . □

As Anne Smith has indicated, this is the last First Person: our thanks to all the contributors. For further details of changes, see p.2.

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2837 Set by Tim Hopkins

Compers are asked to re-write any famous nursery rhyme in the style of one of our 20th-century poets. By Wednesday 12 September.

No 2834 Set by E. O. Parrott

Verses about unlikely aphrodisiacs.

Report By Ernest Oswald fflap

It's a tricky little subject, isn't it? All these years of. . .what do we call it? Letting it all Hang Out? and still we can get so dreadfully *gauche* when attempting a *mélange* of humour with what I call 'lust'. Looking back at the deft and witty original, Mr Sharpless's verses in praise of the cocoa bean, I'm not at all sure that 'permissiveness' hasn't made us the *more* ill at ease. (And, oh dear, you poor gentlemen! Not only yourselves but the ladies, too, make it perfectly clear which sex it is that requires the additional stimulus!) Now, enough of this gossiping: some of you *did* make me smile. A ten pound note to each of those that gets printed.

It seems a bit unhealthy — though I s'pose I shouldn't grumble —
For a grown man to be turned on by his mother's apple crumble!
When the wife and I are visiting, no sooner do we mumble
Our excuses than we slip outside and feverishly fumble
With our zips; then, sweaty with desire, we practically stumble
Up the stairs to slake our crumble-kindled thirst for rough and tumble!
The mater has got used to finding clothes all in a jumble —
She's not a one for questions for she's really very humble —
But I live in dread lest some day soon the poor old dear should rumble
That her son has been perverted by her perfect apple crumble!

PETER NORMAN

Then they rifled all the libraries
Seeking further arcane lore,
Learned that junket makes you potent,
Learned that onions make you sore,
Learned that fennel boiled in prune-juice
Helps a man increase his size,
But, to float on clouds of pleasure,
Reaching peaks beyond all measure,
Nothing, to their great surprise,
Bettered steak and kidney pies.

GERARD BENSON

In sombre suit and tie arrayed
I come to breakfast. Sober, staid,
I eat my toast and marmalade.

And straight the wild Sevillian juice
Through all my courses starts to sluice,
And Carmen-fantasies unloose
A strange desire to reproduce.

I crouch, by wayward loins betrayed.
It's most embarrassing. No maid
Is safe when I eat marmalade.

NOEL PETTY

When you've set the alarm for the morning,
But still can't get up in the night,
Let me recommend neat English brandy,
To ease your indelicate plight.
When your wife is demanding more action,
You can ward off that *après sex* tiff
By pouring two drinks from the bottle,
With a cheery, 'At least the drink's stiff!'

TIM HOPKINS

Two nursery plates of fine enamel hue,
A wobbling tower of purest gelatine,
A glittering spoon, a cut-glass bowl and you —
Mere words cannot solidify the scene!
A toothsome slurp! The spoon eviscerates
This quiv'ring mass of passion — cleaves in twain
Its trembling heart, divides upon our plates
The spoils; vibrating fragments yet remain.
Oh! greater far than Star Wars, skates or telly,
That cupid's shaft of schoolroom love, the jelly.

LISSA EVANS

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Porridge will your strength recover,
Make you strong and hale.
Porridge will not fail.

Have you shot your bolt, young sinner?
Is she not content?
Take some porridge for your dinner;
Porridge subtly blent
Straightens what is bent.

Do you dread the night before you?
Failure to make her?
Porridge oats will soon restore you.
Strong as a Quaker,
Ten times you'll take her.

JOHN STANLEY

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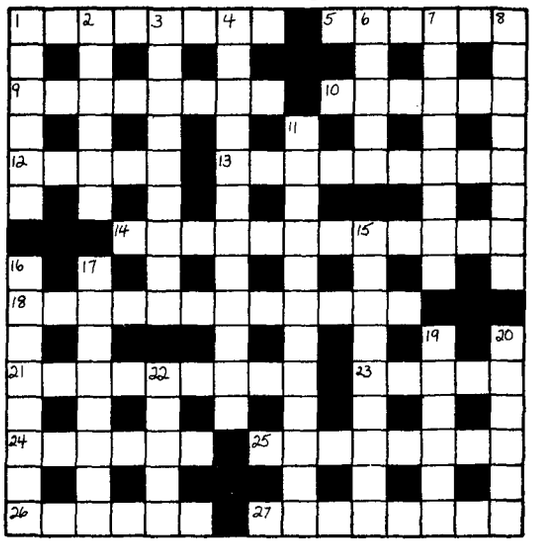
Weekend Crossword 1452

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1452, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 11 September.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Activity in which a boot is misused in autumn (8)
5. River given as a cor ·ession to America (6)
9. Beat hard bits to make defences (8)
10. One who selects the crew for style? (6)
12. Sections go back for punishment (5)
13. Small bird seen by a girl above the wood (9)
14. Organising the rest to take beginners in for food (12)
18. Welcome for pay when payer is broke (5,3,4)
21. In time Ted got involved with a working girl (9)
23. Heavenly body which sounds as if it is revolved rapidly (5)
24. Gilbert's associate goes in for novel licensing hours (6)
25. One's spouse embraces one with a touch to mollify (8)
26. Appeared to observe the sea (6)
27. The advantage of winter estimates (8)

DOWN

1. Half the class take their ease in a shady place (6)
2. Sea-creatures from the golden seas (6)
3. My BA helps conversion into irreligious conduct (9)
4. Possibly have rest last since the gatherings are tardy (4,8)
6. Rustic wagon from the south (5)
7. Inclination to write a song (8)
8. Although ill-natured, hers is broken by desire (8)
11. Nearby priest converted into nonconformist (12)
15. About an hour for the interval is a dirty trick (9)
16. Those who take a bite are caught with lots of food (8)
17. An ace comes as a misfortune in one suit (8)
19. Shopping place where there is unusual care about advertisement (6)
20. Arrival of small volume during a depression (6)
22. Appropriate place when it is hot in town (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1450

S	T	R	A	F	E			S	M	I	L	E	S
E		O		I		D		M		O		A		H
R	E	S	E	R	V	E		A	R	T	I	C	L	E
A		E		M		T		K		E		O		W
P	A	T	N	A		E	X	I	S	T	E	N	C	E
H		T		M		R		N				I		D
	W	A	T	E	R	I	N	G	P	L	A	C	E	
				N		O		H		A				
	M	A	S	T	E	R	M	I	N	D	I	N	G	
S		R				A		S		Y		O		T
T	I	T	F	O	R	T	A	T		B	A	M	B	I
R		I		V		I		O		I		A		S
E	A	S	T	E	R	N		R	E	R	E	D	O	S
A		A		R		G		Y		D		I		U
M	I	N	U	T	E			P	S	Y	C	H	E	

Prizewinners to 1450

Malcolm Ewing (Larne, Co. Antrim)
Robert Kimberley (Iver, Bucks.)
Marina D'Silva (Brussels, Belguim)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

APPOINTMENTS

Research/Development Worker
YOUTH TRAINING

The Greater London Trade Union Resource Unit has received GLC funding for this post to work specifically in the field of youth training.

The successful candidate will monitor the operation of the YTS scheme in London, and in particular the effectiveness of the Area Manpower Boards in controlling the quality of YTS in Greater London.

Candidates should have a good knowledge of YTS and an understanding of trade union policy on this subject.

The salary will be £10,000 pa (currently under review) for a 35 hour week.

The Greater London Trade Union Resource Unit is an equal opportunities employer and would particularly welcome applications from London's ethnic minorities.

GREATER LONDON
TRADE UNION RESOURCE UNIT

Application forms can be obtained from the GLTURU, c/o 63-67 Newington Causeway, London SE1 6BD, telephone 01-403 0300 ext. 285/287.

Closing date: 24 September 1984.

CIIR

PROGRAMME CO-ORDINATOR: NICARAGUA

CIIR project workers are supporting Nicaraguan initiatives in health, agriculture, housing and mining. We are seeking a **2nd Co-ordinator** to share all programme management tasks: assessing requests for CIIR assistance within an understanding of Nicaragua's situation, supporting project work, liaising with government authorities and with CIIR in London, disseminating information on Nicaraguan development projects.

Applicants should preferably have some knowledge of Spanish and of the region, as well as administrative skills. The **2 year minimum contract** includes basic salary, return flights from Britain, insurance and other allowances. For job description and application form, please send your CV and a large SAE to **CIIR Overseas Dept, 22 Coleman Fields, London N1 7AF.** Please quote ref. **NSTA/1.**

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

OXFAM

Tuesday 25 September

Collectors for Oxfam's London *Flag Day for Ethiopia*

Anyone over 16 can help, in central London or the suburbs, any time between 8 am and 7 pm

All the money raised is going to Ethiopia for a clean water and health care project

If you can help, please phone:
(01) 874 7335
(01) 870 7892

GENERAL SERVICES

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THERAPY

CARING BODYMIND PSYCHOTHERAPIST (Registered member — Association for Bodymind Therapy). Phone 01-794 4038.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £50 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

FOOTLOOSE, FLEXIBLE fellow required. Free lodging in return for help in unram-shackling a rheumy residence. Annalong 03967 68387.

HOLIDAY FLATS/Houses to let. King's Cross, London. Telephone 01-607 4518.

PIED-A-TERRE, large room, Highbury, close Victoria Line. Professional non-smoking female wanted. £30 p.w. Deposit and references required. Box 9111.

WANTED

DULWICH/HERNE HILL. Room urgently required for quiet female, Cambridge educated researcher. Tel. eves 01-299 2872.

SWISS COTTAGE area. Room and shower for affable visiting academic, non-smoking mature female for academic year. Away most weekends. 01-876 1902.

WANTED: FURNISHED flat for couple spending 2-3 weeks in UK, from approx. 10 October. Central London preferred. Write: Kayfetz, 7 Austin Crescent, Toronto, Canada M5R 3E4. Phone (416) 533 6304.

BOOKS

BEVERLY SISSONS, a prison teacher's book 'An Inside Job' £3.50 post free, from Freshfields, Publishers, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702) 331004.

FINANCIAL

FINANCIAL HELP! A mature student from the Commonwealth is seeking a grant that covers home fees for a postgraduate course in Public Sector Management at Aston University for the session 1984-85 only. Box 9138.

FINANCE HOUSE. Business, mortgage and personal brokerage etc. 705 Moston Lane, Manchester M10 9QD. 061-682 7130.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

BUSINESS

MY OWN BUSINESS, yes, but which one? New Business magazine reveals which businesses are really profitable and details the secrets of success. Complete with facts, figures, know-how and advice. Free info: New Business, Dept. NS435, 21 Wren Street, London WC1X 0HF.

COUNSELLING

TELE-LIFELINES — Friendly, sympathetic, professional help with personal problems by experienced counsellor — by telephone. S.a.e., please for free leaflet. Box 9058.

FOR SALE

BOUND NS Jan. 1972/June 1984. Offers: Downing, 54 Portland Place, London W1.

SOCIETIES

NINE MEN'S MORRIS. Details are available from the Society's founder, T.A. Layton, 3 Sussex Road, Hove, BN3 2WD.

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CUBA. Fortnightly holidays available, including six day tour of Cuba. Contact: Ashley Holidays 0709 544083.

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LISTINGS

FRI 31 AUGUST

LONDON 'Defend the right to demonstrate against Apartheid' Court picket 10am Southwark Crown Court, Tooley St, SE1. on behalf of Andy Higginbottom's appeal. **Org. South African Embassy Picket Campaign '84, Box BM City AA, WC1N 3XX 01-387 6050.**

SAT 1 SEPT

SWISS COTTAGE 2-day festival: GLC Anti Racism Year centered around Community Centre & Garden 11.30 Fancy Dress and many other activities.

MON 3 SEPT

LONDON '5 nights for the Miners' Gala 7pm Royal Festival Hall. All Tickets £5. Bkings: 928 3002/ 3191/ 633 6427. All proceeds to Miners Hardship Funds. **Org. SERTUC/GLC Miners Support Committee.**

TUES 4 SEPT

BRIGHTON 'Tory Union Laws — the Implications' 1pm Norfolk Continental Hotel, Kings Road. Spkrs Lord Bill McCarthy, Tony Blair, MP. Adm. 50p. **Org. Fabian Society.**

BRIGHTON Labour Solidarity Campaign meeting 5pm Old Ship Hotel. Spkrs Alan Tuffin, Roy Hattersley, Peter Shore, John Smith. **Details: LSC 53 Lancaster Grove, London NW5 01-435 6914.**

WED 5 SEPT

BRIGHTON 'A miners' plan for coal'. Spkrs incl Ben Fine (CSE) Martin Spence (Socialist Soc.) Dave Elliott (SERA), Terry Harrison (Kent NUM). 7.30pm Norfolk Resort Hotel, King's Rd. **Org. Socialist Soc./SERA 01-734 8501.**

THURS 6 SEPT

LONDON 'Future Strategy for CND' Spkr. James Hinton, Projects organiser for National CND. 8pm Tetherdown Hall, Tetherdown, Muswell Hill, N10. Adm. Free. **Org. Muswell Hill CND Jane Morley 01-889 0571.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Is Animal Liberation possible under Capitalism?' Debate between SPGB & 'Animal Aid' (B'Ham grp.) 7.30pm Dr Johnson House, Bull St, B'Ham.

FRI 7 SEPT

LONDON NUM Benefit Gig 8.30pm The Greyhound, 175 Fulham Palace Rd, W6. 8.30pm Adm. £1.50. 'The Three Johns', 'Furniture', DJ Mark Anthony. All proceeds to NUM.

LONDON Edward Carpenter Anniversary Meeting 7pm Gregory Hall, Mecklenburgh Sq, WC1 (entrance off footpath towards Brunswick Sq.) Spkrs. incl. Fenner Brockway, Dora Russell, Sheila Rowbotham with dramatised readings by Gay Sweatshop.

BIRMINGHAM West Midlands CND regions & areas development/ campaign strategy weekend. St. Francis Hall, Birmingham University. **Details/bking: WM CND, 54 Allison St. Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TH. 021-632 6909.**

SAT 8 SEPT

GLASGOW Scottish CND AGM at Queen Margaret Union, Glasgow University. Details: 041 331 2878.

LONDON 'YTS and reforming Manpower Services Commission' one-day conf. org. Liberal Party Education & Employment Panels. Friends House, Euston Road. £5/£1 unwaged. **Details: 10 Gareth Court, Woodfield Grove, SW16.**

SUN 9 SEPT

HAMMERSMITH Gay Theatre Seminar 4pm Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6. Adm Free. Spkrs Martin Sherman, Tom McClenaghan, Michael Wilcox. **Details: 01-741 2132.**

FORTHCOMING

10-14 SEPT. OXFORD 2nd Annual Conf of Howard League for Penal Reform. Pembroke College. **Booking forms: Howard League, 322 Kennington Park Rd, London, SE11 4PP. 01-735 3317/8/9.**

11 SEPT LONDON 'Primary Health Care with Indians in North Peru' Spkr Steve Flew of CIIR. 7.30pm Black Horse Pub, 6 Rathbone Place, W1 (upstairs). **Org. Politics of Health Grp, C/O BSSRS, 9 Poland St, W1.**

11 SEPT LONDON 'One more push for Freedom' march on anniversary of military coup in Chile 1973. 1pm Rally Portland Place, W1 march to Red Lion Square, rally 2.30pm. **Org. Chile Solidarity Campaign 272 4298.**

12-14 SEPT BRADFORD 'Peace Studies in Higher Education' Conf. org. for those who wish to write/speak on their experience of Peace Studies teaching and research and those who wish to learn. **Contact: James O'Connell, School of Peace Studies, University of Bradford, W. Yorkshire. 0274 733455.**

12 SEPT LONDON 'Land Values: Implications for the Health Service' Spkr. Frank Dobson, MP Shadow Health Minister. 8pm GLC, County Hall, SE1. **Details: Labour Land Campaign, 01-267 2245 (eves.)**

12 SEPT TOOTING BEC Free showing of 'The War Game' 8pm St. Lennards Church Hall, (just off Streatham High Rd.) Discn will follow. Wheelchair Access. **Org. Streatham CND.**

13 SEPT LONDON 'Motivation to learn and views of the Self' Annual North Westminster Community School Inner City Education Lecture. Spkr. Prof. Carol Dweck, Harvard Uni. 7pm. Adm. free. **Details: 01-262 8000 x 310.**

13 SEPT LONDON 'Equal Opportunities: Positive Action for Women in Voluntary Organisations' — day conf 10am-4pm. **Details and registration send s.a.e. to NCCL, Women's Rights Unit, 21 Tabard St, SE1 4LA.**

14-16 SEPT LIVERPOOL '1984 — the Present, the Future' Politics Assoc. Annual Conf. City of Liverpool College of Higher Education, Prescot, Merseyside. **Details and enrolment: G. T. Prout, Vice Chairman, 64 West Hill Drive, Dartford, DA1 3EA. 0322 75145.**

14 SEPT LONDON Gay Humanist Group AGM 7.30pm Library, Conway Hall Humanist Centre, Red Lion Square, WC1.

14-16 SEPT BIRMINGHAM 'Language & Struggle' 7th Annual Conf of Assoc. for Teaching of African, Asian & Caribbean Literature Wydderington Hall, Uni. of Brum. **Details: Vicky Unwin, 22 Bedford Sq, London, WC1B 3AA. 01-637 3311 (day)/01-960 7887 (eves).**

14 SEPT LONDON 'Supporting the Miners' Public Meeting called by Brent Miners' Support Campaign. Spkrs incl Ken Livingstone, Betty Heathfield, Jack Collins, Ron Todd. 7.30pm Aylestone School, Aylestone Ave, NW6. **Details: Richard Lynch 01-251 5493 (day) 01-459 8478 (eves).**

15 SEPT BIRMINGHAM 'Labour's Non-Nuclear Defence Policy' one day discussion conf for all Labour party membs. £4 per delegate/£1 unwaged. Creche. **Apply: LDLC, C/O Labour Co-ordinating Cttee, 9 Poland St, London, W1V 3DG. 01-439 3749.**

15 SEPT LONDON Gay Humanist Group Gathering to celebrate 5th Anniversary. 7.30pm Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

15-16 SEPT SOUTHAMPTON Women's Health Fair. Voluntary/Statutory groups, info. on women's health plus workshops, exhibition, demonstrations, theatre grps, food, play area, bookstall. Adm. free. **Details: Ronie Foley, Southampton Women & Health Grp. 29 Dover St. Southampton, SO2 0GG. Phone: 31199.**

15 SEPT LONDON 'Pedal against Pit Closures' sponsored bike ride from County Hall 8am to Aylesham, Kent (65 miles) **Details: Melvin Benn, 19 Auckland Rd, SW11. 01-288 9154 for registration/sponsorship forms before 8 Sept.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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A Memorial

for Brenda **BIRAM** (née **HEWITT**, daughter of **C. H. ROLPH**), formerly editorial assistant at *New Statesman*, later editor Book Division Johnson Publishing Co, Chicago, and MSS editor University of Chicago Press, who died in **New York Hospital** on **29 March**, will be held at **7.30pm 2 Sept** at **"Im Engel" in Warendorf, W. Germany.** The funeral will be next day at **10.30am** at **Sassenberg** near **Warendorf.**

Further details:

Tel: 0483 893227

GROUPS/ MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme. Informal Question/Answer Meeting, 'The Bhagavad-Gita as Yoga'. Sun. 2 Sept 8 p.m. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

CAMPAIGN FOR HOMOSEXUAL EQUALITY

CHE campaigns for Lesbian & Gay Rights nationally & locally in England & Wales. We depend on the activity of individual campaign members & financial contributions from supporters. *For information about our recent campaign successes & how you can help us please write to:*
CHE, 274 Upper Street, Islington, London N1 2UA.

TUC FRINGE MEETING

'Multinationals and International Solidarity'

Speakers: **Thembi Mkalipi**, Federation of S. African Trade Unions (FOSATU); **Denis MacShane**, International Metalworkers Federation; **Carl Wright**, Commonwealth TUC

Chair: **Joan Lestor** (Vice-Chair WDM)

Venue: **Bedford Hotel, 5.30pm, Wednesday, 5 September.**

Organised by the World Development Movement — 01-836 3672

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ANY UNMATERIALISTIC, bearded male townie, with intellectual interests, needing occasional visits to trees and hills and company of independent, young, (37 yrs) woman? Near station. Box 9103.

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£7.80 per cm / £6.80 per cm — charities

HEARTSEARCH REMAINS UNALTERED

Enquiries/Bookings call **01-251 5487**

AMERICAN PROFESSOR of Biochemistry at Caribbean Medical School age 50, seeks a female companion under 35 for himself and his *6 yr old son. A graduate in Arts or Sciences* would be an asset, since the companion could be sponsored to study medicine, and marriage would be considered if suited. An interest in the arts, theatre, music etc. is welcome. Please *enclose photo.* Box 9142.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE DIVORCEE, educationalist, lover of life seeks stimulating, *outgoing* yet sensitive, humorous man. To share eating, drinking, fun, laughter, 35-45 yrs. Photo appreciated. Box 9132.

BRITISH INDIAN, 44, tall, educated, householder, divorced, seeks matrimonial correspondence from ladies, 30+, settled in UK irrespective of nationality, religion/colour. Box 9098.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY *accurate* introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. *All ages, all areas.* Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DAVID, 34, lives SW Midlands, seeks unmaterialistic, affectionate girlfriend, who shares interests in peace/green movements, books, art. *Probably the sort of person who wouldn't normally reply to advs like this.* Box 9128.

EAST MIDLANDS/CAMBS, schoolmaster, young 50, tired of all male company, all usual civilised interests, would like to meet lady 45 or under, *with view to permanent relationship.* Photo appreciated: *all letters answered.* Box 9117.

FORMER FIERY radical, pushing fifty, subdued but nowise disillusioned, now feels free to meet his own needs & devote himself to the right woman. Box 9125.

GENTLE MALE, shy, 26, interested in nature, ecology, socialism, CND, country walks/cycling, seeks affectionate female companion to care, explore and grow together. Box 9127.

HALIFAX FEMALE. 36, non-smoker, non-graduate, non-philistine. Usual socialist, feminist pursuits, wit and humour. Becoming too independent, seeks uncomplicated person to share pleasures, life. Box 9113.

HANDSOME, INDIAN MALE GRADUATE, 30, seeks affectionate, carefree, attractive female for fun, friendship and more. Also interested to meet couples. Please reply with *photo & phone no.*
Box 9087

HAPPY, INTELLIGENT & attractive woman, wishes to meet similar man, 35-40ish, to share *usual NS interests and generally enjoy life.* N. London. Box 9126.

IS THERE a man wishing to meet an attractive woman, 30, loves meeting people, travelling, having good times and possibly leading to *lasting relationship. Box 9072.*

LADY GRADUATE, unsophisticated, 36, non-smoker, South London, *interests:* science, music, history, art, health, railways, seeks humorous, caring, professional gentleman, 30-45, to share life. Box 9115.

MALE, 30, in open marriage situation, current student, interests: modern music, politics, reading, seeks humorous lady for fun and *intimate relationship.* Leics/Notts area. Box 9133.

MALE (31) interests: books, films, left-wing politics, music, architecture, socialising, football. No hang-ups. Seeks compatible female also interested in *long-term relationship.* North West. Box 9135.

MALE WORKING in caring profession, 50, *divorced, graduate,* seeks accommodation and companionship. Possibly loving friendship, *with female currently lacking soul-mate.* W/SW London/Surrey. Absolutely genuine. Box 9085.

MANCHESTER PROFESSIONAL woman, 43, able to achieve most things, totally failed to overcome loneliness, seeks a lefty man. Ready for a committed, lasting relationship. Box 9131.

MAN, LONDON, diverse interests, especially natural history, fit, independent, wishes to meet *similar woman,* 30-45, for close relationship, shared local, Continental field trips. Box 9116.

MAN, YOUNG 37, tall, socialist (of non-doctinaire variety), music lover, very wide interests, non-smoker, seeks partnership, view to *children — pre-existing children a plus.* Photo exchanged? Box 9134.

MIDDLE-AGED MALE socialist, solvent and employed, seeks interesting lady, to share Beethoven, red wine and Indian food. Box 9118.

PRESENTABLE, PROFESSIONAL London executive, semi-retired, active, young sixties, seeks younger, comely London lady, any status for discreet, close relationship — based mutual confidence and trust. Am solvent, equable, *cheerful man who enjoys good food, wine, music and other normal pleasures.* Non-smoker. Box 9106.

PRETTY, VERY intelligent, Jewish (N/O) woman, 43, would like to become the wife of a Gemini or Acquarius Jewish man, 40-50ish. Box 9114.

SOPHISTICATED, ATTRACTIVE widow, 70, *looks years younger,* seeks patient, cultured gentleman, 70-75. Not love affair, companion holiday etc., younger don't answer. Telephone, car good asset. Box 9097.

SOUTH WALES: female, fat, 47. Committed socialist, anti-nuclear, needs like-minded, adult warm loving man, to relax with. Box 9136.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE male 48, sense of humour, successful, *varied interests,* seeks lively, sensuous lady (40s/50s), to share loving, lasting relationship. I'm sure you're out there somewhere! London/Home Counties. Box 9112.

TWO LIVELY, cheerful but serious-minded Merseyside females, mid 20s, interests dancing, theatre, music, drinking and fun, wish to meet similar males and females. Box 9093.

YORKS LECTURER, divorced, 50, slim, fit 5' 7", seeks friendship, laughter, caring relationship with intelligent, affectionate, slim, non-smoking woman, 33-49, with sense of fun, own interests. Box 9051.

GENTLEMEN.

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